

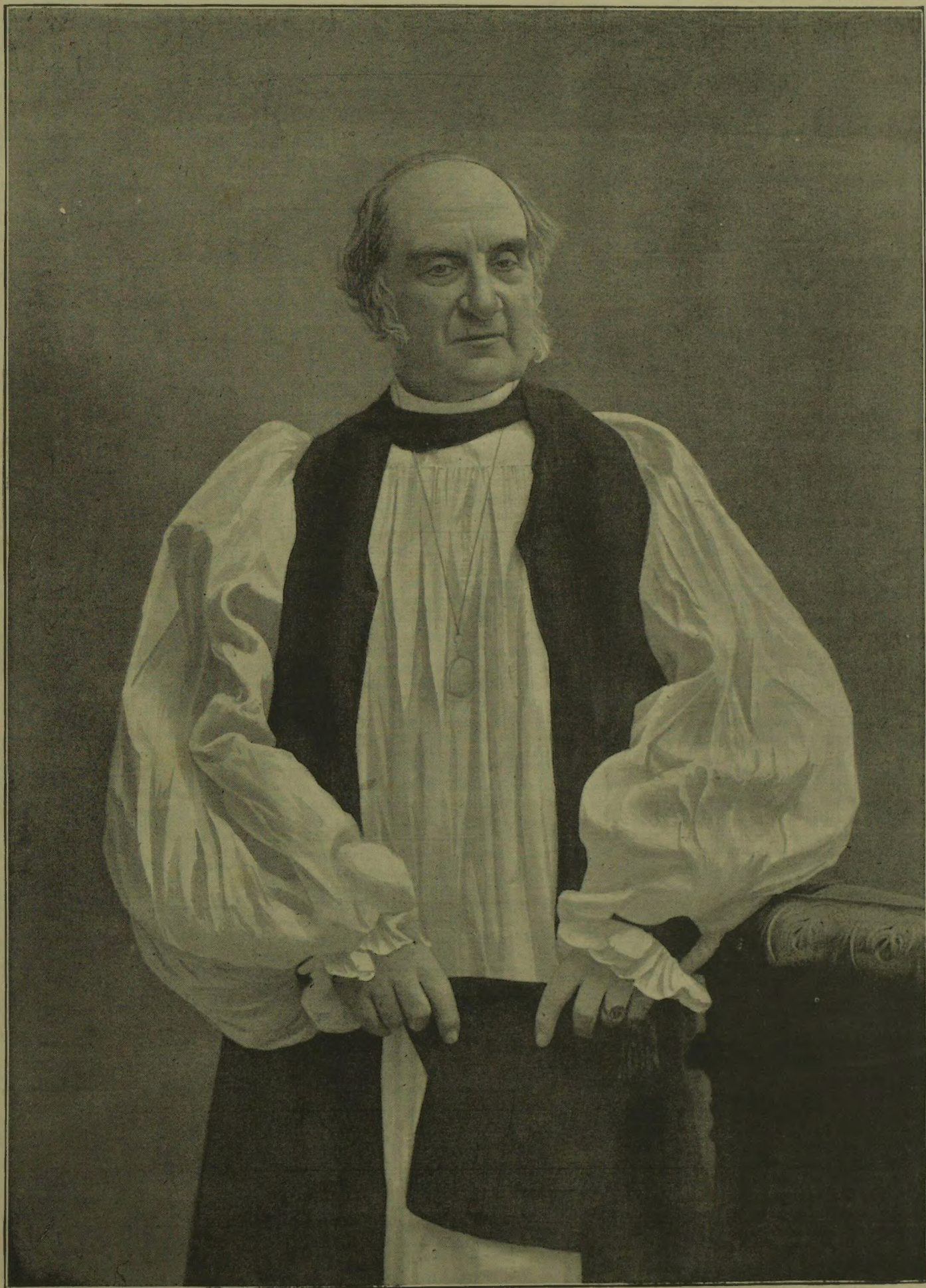
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THE LATE MOST REV. WILLIAM THOMSON, D.D., ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In that excellent magazine "The Author"—far and away the most interesting of periodicals to the class to which it is specially addressed—there is a pleasant story illustrative of literary "cheek." A man writes: "I am extremely fond of getting books from authors. May I hope you will kindly give me one of yours, and add to its value in my eyes by writing my name in it?" One would think that the force of impudence in the literary direction could not further go. But it often goes very much further. The notion, entertained by some unprincipled casuists, that there is no property in ideas is extended by a good many people into the proposition that there is no value in books. This may be true of books that do not sell, but these they have no wish to acquire; what they want is works everybody is asking for—for nothing. It is the common experience of a popular writer to be invited by the secretary of some public library to send him gratuitously his collected works, which, he writes, "I have reason to believe will be very much appreciated in this locality." He does not even offer to pay the carriage of the hundred volumes or so from town. A still more delectable "sweetmeat" in this association is the application for an unpublished manuscript in the sacred name of charity. "I know that authors are not rich men, and therefore do not ask you for money; but if you will kindly send me some short story of yours (of which you have doubtless some in hand) for publication, I have no doubt I shall be able to dispose of it." This is so far complimentary, but also cool. The letter might just as well have run, "I do not ask you for money, but only to send me a cheque." But there are more audacious correspondents even than this. It was but yesterday that I received the following naïve application: "My needs are many, and my means are small. It is absolutely necessary that I should realise a considerable sum of money within the next six months. I do not ask for any pecuniary assistance. What I propose is to bring out a volume which shall contain half a dozen stories by the very best authors. Will you write one of them?" The programme of a gratuitous galaxy of literary attractions solely for this gentleman's benefit is, indeed, admirable. There is a sublimity of assurance about such a request that places it, as on an Eiffel Tower, above all begging letters. What, however, surprises one most of all is that anyone endowed with such gigantic impudence should need to her.

I note, this week, in a literary organ, that the maxim "There is no sentiment in business" is quoted with approval. It is scarcely possible, in my humble opinion, to find a proverb more contrary to the fact. The most "business people" on earth, the Americans, are in their dealings most swayed by sentiment—not, indeed, by the tender emotion which is generally understood by that word, but by friendly or antagonistic feeling, impulse, geniality, or dislike. It makes all the difference in the world with Jonathan, in his consideration of an "operation," whether he is "in the humour or not." The same undertaking, debated pleasantly over a cigar, will recommend itself to him, which, put in black and white, he will turn his back upon. In the City we have something of the same kind: across the luncheon-table it is notorious that business matters proceed with far greater facility than over the desk. There are some men, of course, who are not emotional—whose eyes are fixed on the main chance, to the neglect of all other objects; but they are rare, and, since the direction of their eyes is generally pretty manifest, it produces antagonism. To say that sentiment has no influence upon business because it is nominally separated from it is about as sensible as to say that women have no influence on politics because they have no votes.

One of the happiest thoughts that ever crossed the brain of a humourist was "Happy Thoughts." It was so simple, so familiar, that no writer who had not great confidence in his powers would have ventured on making it the groundwork—not, indeed, of a serious, but of an important work. Yet, if it is not a work of genius (to borrow an historical saying), it is cousin german to it. The book now appears in a form worthy of it, but with all the delightful old illustrations. What is especially to the author's credit, he has succeeded where the greatest writers have failed—in a continuation—for "More Happy Thoughts" are as good as the first ones. One cannot "dip" into the volume anywhere without a ripple of laughter. It seems invidious to the other chapters to select any particular one for praise; but where one feels most inclined to disgrace oneself by a paroxysm is when the hero's hunter has the staggers. The whole narrative, though much longer, is quite as good as Mr. Winkle's adventure with the tall horse; but the moonlight scene in front of the castle (with the draw-bridge up), when the hero and his flyman wake the echoes—but not the proprietor—with their shouts for admittance, runs it very near. They are both recommended by the Faculty for obstinate cases of quinsy sore-throat, though there is always a danger that the patient himself may burst.

The most estimable motives in others, if entertained to our own detriment, are only too liable to misconception. A murderer in Arkansas, condemned to be hanged on a Friday, has had his sentence overruled by a superior Judge upon the ground that "it would be an insult to the founder of Christianity." So far, "the Court" and the prisoner were both at one. If the Judge could have found as valid an objection to all the other days of the week, the convict would have been still better pleased; but, unfortunately, the ceremony has been fixed for the preceding day, and there are no bounds to his contempt for the Judge's bigotry. One cannot help thinking that a humane man would have made it the next Thursday. It is not every criminal, as in the Scotch story, who submits with cheerfulness to have his neck stretched twenty-four hours before the appointed time to suit the convenience of the "shirra" and his fishing

engagement. After all, how fanciful are the forms that superstition takes in the observance of dates and days! In the Orkneys, for instance, where there is probably at least as much religious feeling as in Arkansas, Friday is held to be the luckiest of days for the most important step in human life—marriage; while, on the other hand, it is not good for digging peat, or taking an account of cattle on a farm. In Scotland, what seems reasonable enough (if one may say so of matters in which there is no reason), great stress is laid upon what happens at the beginning of the first day of a new year: whether "the first foot"—i.e., the first person you meet—is a friend or an enemy. One can understand the advantage of a good omen for the start, but why the day of the week on which the third of May falls should be held unlucky throughout the year is more than southrons can say.

"Some people are always complaining," as the good old song of "The Overseer" tells us, not necessarily through petulance or impatience, but often because they really believe it does good: it is not only a relief to their feelings, but they think it has an effect upon the future behaviour of Fortune. She is blind, and it is only reasonable to call her attention by word of mouth to the very disagreeable way in which she has been conducting their affairs. They have only got to state their case (in which a little exaggeration is admissible), and all will be well. Fortune will see them righted. Others, again, endure all her outrageous slings and arrows without a murmur: still, there is a point where even the worm Patience may be allowed to wriggle. It is very hard to find oneself, at a period of life which is at least mature, without a testimonial. This is a thing that everyone gets. Mr. Parnell got it. One has a great many acquaintances, and none so rich but people have given them something of this kind; indeed, what seems very curious, the less they want the more substantial is the form it takes. Some of them, it is true, have had to leave the country to get it; others (but then they could swim) have saved their fellow-creatures from drowning; others from fire (so have I: I insist upon a fireguard in every room); but of those who have put themselves to inconvenience to attain this distinction I am not speaking. I know I wouldn't do it myself, and therefore I am not jealous of them. But when we see people with testimonials who have done no more than ourselves to get them (except that they have asked for them), and who are our juniors, then our heart grows hot within us, and the fire burns. What has made it boil over on the present occasion is the reading of a law case, in which the exceeding case with which testimonials are procured comes out. A gentleman, who was not a clergyman, but who pretended to be one, and who has got into trouble in consequence, asks of his late Rector whether he was not a popular and satisfactory Curate. "No, you were not, Sir." "Then how do you account for my having had a testimonial given to me by my parishioners?" "Well, an anonymous letter signed 'A Lady of the Congregation,' suggesting the gift, was received by the schoolmaster, and he promoted the scheme." The recipient, it seems, wrote the letter himself in a lady's hand!

It is certainly the fact that, the more atrocious is the criminal, the greater is the desire among a certain class of people to save him from punishment. If the Whitechapel murderer were caught, their efforts to preserve his valuable life would doubtless be proportional to his crimes. He must be mad, they would say, to be so wicked. This folly arises from ignorance of human nature, and the platitude about there being good in everybody. There may be sermons in stones (though few have heard them) and good in everything, but that is a different matter: the stones are no harder than they were at starting, whereas men—and, alas! women too—are apt to become callous. The attempt to get a reprieve for our last murderess was the most deplorable of all, because it brought science into discredit. Why homicidal maniacs should not be hanged has always puzzled persons of common sense; the object of the Law, we are told, is not to punish, but to deter, and this exactly fits their case; for, being mad, they have no fear of the gallows, and being homicides they will never do it again. But if wretches caught red-handed are to escape because they may be possibly in "an epileptoid condition," we might as well pass no sentences at all. By calling a thief a kleptomaniac we have, it is true, insured his impunity; but we cannot permit the ægis of medical science to protect murderers. "Under all circumstances of sudden crime," says an eminent member of the faculty, "there is always the possibility of a seizure"—if he meant by the police, one would have much satisfaction in agreeing with him, but not otherwise.

An eminent head master, who has the intelligence to perceive how educational matters are tending, and is setting his own house in order in preference to having it done for him by ruder hands, has declared against "Compulsory Greek." In addition to his other good qualities he must have a good deal of humour, because the phrase suggests that there is such a thing as "voluntary Greek," which is a good joke indeed. An ugly rush has, however, been made by the masters of humbler schools to fill up the promised vacuum with "miscellaneous subjects." One of them has suggested a few interesting questions with which our boys may test their intelligence in the holidays. "How is the electric telegraph worked?" "What is the difference between 'Bill' and 'Act'?" "Can you name some of the planets that move round the sun?" Now it is clear to me that these inquiries will, in the end, be transferred to us parents. It is very easy for writers who have been reading up their subject for ever so long to say "every schoolboy knows," but, as a matter of fact, no schoolboy ever knows anything. About subjects outside his primer and his lexicon he is absolutely and entirely ignorant. I don't say that his parents, who have enjoyed the same admirable educational advantages, are in a more satisfactory position; but it is better that boys should be tortured with Greek than their fathers be troubled with "exams."

A popular preacher, laying hands the other day (as it was easy to do) upon the fog in London for a metaphor, compared what was behind it to "the unseen world." "Close to him," he said, "were hidden houses, and, though men might say, 'If they were there we should see them,' he knew that they were there." It would be cruel to find fault with so well-meant an illustration, but, logically, it was singularly at fault, since the faith of the speaker was caused by the fact of his having previously seen the houses. He might have been much happier in his trope had he had a recent experience of mine at Hastings. It was a day of most brilliant sunshine. The band was playing on the Esplanade, with an audience sitting in the open air; the glass shelters were almost as warm as cucumber-frames; when a telegram reached me from a friend I was expecting from London: "Cannot come; fog too dense to get to station." Ungrammatical, like all telegrams, it was, for the moment, also incredible. It struck one as being a very lame (though not transparent) excuse, like "the block in Piccadilly" to which the belated husband ascribed his coming home at five in the morning. Yet, upon reflection—remembering that my friend didn't owe me money, and had volunteered to come, and also that he was a capital hand at excuses, and might have made a much better one—I believed him. Now, that really was Faith.

The last discovery of the old year is that skating runs—or glides—in families. The Englishman who has won the championship of the Netherlands is brother, it seems, to one of our champions, and, therefore, heredity is supposed to have made another score. An unscientific person with no turn for theories might thoughtlessly attribute this coincidence to mere practice. I know a family—father, mother, sisters, brothers, a grandchild, and a ward—who are all first-rate cribbage players. A knowledge of that "manly and athletic game," as Mrs. Caudle called it, is one of my own few accomplishments, but the number of halfpenny holes I have lost to that family is quite surprising. They never miss a chance in play, and only one of them (the grandchild) has ever been "pegged" by an adversary for an omission to score (the occasion was "one for his nob" in the crib, and the time "between the lights," the family being clerical, and averse to cards in the daytime). The advocates of heredity might point to this case with triumph, but for the ward, who, though no relation, is the best player of them all. This fact, to my mind, utterly destroys the theory. This young lady has been brought up among them, and lisped in the same numbers (fifteen two and a pair are four). Her excellence at the game was produced by association and practice—which is also the case with the others, but, because they are blood relations, a scientific cause is assigned to it. In place of cribbage put the law, or the army, or the stage, and the same results will be produced by similar means. If the head of a family distinguishes himself in any of these pursuits, it is probable that it will have attractions for his children; they are brought up in its atmosphere; he can help them in it as he can in no other calling; they eventually embrace it, and if, now and then, a son is not found to excel in the same line as his father, it is hard upon an ingenious theory indeed.

"THE MEMOIRS OF TALLEYRAND."

Nothing in the January magazines will be read with so eager an interest as the series of extracts from "The Memoirs of Talleyrand," published in the *Century*, by permission of Messrs. Griffith, Farran, and Co. The publication of these extracts in this form is a shrewd stroke on the part of the proprietors of the *Century*, but as the first volumes of the "Memoirs" themselves, so long delayed, are to be issued within two months, these clippings "from advance sheets" are rather more praiseworthy as a specimen of journalistic enterprise than they are valuable to the student and the general reader. Nevertheless, the extracts are excellent, and they provoke the liveliest feeling of expectation. What will the "Memoirs" as a whole resemble? How will Talleyrand, the great, the astute, the amazing, portray himself? Surely no man ever had a more profoundly difficult task than that which Talleyrand undertook when he sat down to pen his own memoirs! For not only did most men speak evil of him in his lifetime, but—as alas for Talleyrand the autobiographer!—a very great deal of the evil that they spoke was gospel truth. History, moreover, has abused him as cordially as his contemporaries did. He has been everybody's target, and, unluckily, there never was an easier mark to hit. Great as Talleyrand was—and he was for a full half-century the very foremost man in Europe—he could not possibly have lived out his public life in any age later than his own. He was a greater than Bismarck; but, had he owned ten times Bismarck's genius, he could not have existed—licentious, corrupt, treacherous, and a practical infidel—in the Europe of our day. The newspaper press and public opinion combined would have slain him in ten years. It is, then, one of the most curious and pungent of questions, How did Talleyrand see himself, and how has he limned himself for posterity? Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Minister to France, who has furnished a brief but very pithy introduction to these selections "from advance sheets" (and who may, therefore, be presumed to know a good deal more of the "Memoirs" themselves than anybody else knows at present), thinks that Talleyrand will not fail to clear himself to some extent, that "his treachery at one period or another of his service to almost every master he ever served" is "likely to appear in a new and more favourable aspect"; but "there is no sign that he will make the slightest reference to his constant acceptance of bribes"; and it is hinted that he may be none too successful in his attempts to explain away certain charges—graver than that of corruption as a minister, graver even than that of treachery—with which his memory has been burdened for more than half a century. It is impossible: Talleyrand is not to be whitewashed all over; there are stains which are not to be effaced. He is disingenuous even in these first few pages. He tells us how he was pushed into the Church, not by his own desire but for the social good of his family, but he is dumb on the subject of that "questionable joke" about the "immorality of Paris" which won for him, thanks to Madame Du Barry's relish of it, his first ecclesiastical preferment. The impression derived from these preliminary excerpts is that Talleyrand's "Memoirs" will be, like Talleyrand's daily life, a work of consummate art—to be tested by none but æsthetic canons.

THE HABITUDE OF KINDNESS.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Of all our fellow-creatures, none have a more tremulous regard for the Press than the military. It is believed that even his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief is not exempt, at breakfast-time, from the terror which, though it is masked in smiles before the Own Correspondent abroad and the Able Editor at home, makes many a brave sword to shiver in its sheath, and perpetuates the stormy language which Marlborough's lads learned to use in Flanders. It may be, however, that General Booth has become inured to newspaper criticism by this time, heeding it so little that even the *Times* and Dean Plumptre and Mr. Huxley move him to nothing more harsh than a few quotations from the Hebrew prophets. In that case, he must have been a happy warrior this Christmas-tide; for thousands and thousands of pounds have been dropping into the tambourine sent round on behalf of his composite scheme for the extinction of poverty.

But the joy of one has been the mourning of many. As the General sat with his radiant family at dinner on Christmas Day, all in their several uniforms and beaming in the reflected glow from bushels of the best munitions of war, did he think of the hundreds of parsons and charity-managers from whose hands so much of that cash had been diverted? No doubt he did; and we shall not go far wrong in believing that he had a prayer for them too. The whole family had a prayer for these unfortunates, who complain so bitterly that the thousands that flow into the General's coffers are made up of the fives and tens and twenties wherewith their own poor were fed and their sick comforted. Many a quiet little stream of help which they directed has been dried up that the Boothian reservoir may be filled. Blessings on the reservoir, and may it never leak! Yet who can rejoice if it be really true that these noiseless rills of charity flow no longer, or do but dribble? It is hardly a fancy that most of them did a sure and certain good where mere experiment was long since exhausted, if it was ever necessary; and there is no superstition in thinking that the nobler blessings attend its footsteps, not when it marches to the sound of trumpets and drums, but goes softly and by hidden ways.

It is possible, however, to complain of the complainants, though not when they mourn over the consequences of the Boothian project to themselves. Discreet they may be at most times, but hardly so much can be said for them all the year round. So he, at least, may fairly think (and here "he" stands for everybody whose name figures in the directories) who dare not open a letter for full three weeks before Christmas, because he knows that if he does some wild-with-grief secretary may spring out at him, or some imploring parson fall at his knees. It is not as if there were only two or three of such letters a day, or as if any of them looked unlike an invitation to dine. That is not the way with them. They come in twos and threes by every post; coronets condescend from the envelopes; and they are addressed in a handwriting that shames the masculine script of Girton. We know how to account for this swarming importunity and its pathetic little wiles of approach. Competition accounts for it, as well as for the way in which the petitioners endeavour to outvie each other in horror of statement and agony of solicitation. It is to be feared, however, that the explanation is not always present to chasten impatience; and that it is with many of us as with the traveller through an Irish village, who, when he pauses to search out that threepenny-bit for a beggar, is instantly surrounded by dozens with shriller voices and more dreadful afflictions, and who thereupon buttons his pocket and marches on in dudgeon. May not this be worth a thought in East-End parsonages, and wherever else they sit whose lives are spent in luring others to do good? It is believed that the obligations of kindness are more strongly felt at Christmas time than at any other, and so they may be still, spite of the enlightenments of Modern Thought. But about one thing there can be no mistake: other obligations are more strongly felt even than these. To name them were superfluous. And just beyond them comes another order of obligation—almost equally imperative, and, though sweet and graceful, very costly: Christmas gifts to servants, clients, relatives, and friends. Who does not know what distraction there is in the choice of these things? What mendicant for hospitals and "homes" can be unaware that it is the most unchristianising madness known to gentle souls? and what hope can he have for his buzzing flight of begging-letters while it prevails?

And yet he must be supposed to understand his business best; though what is it, at its best, but two tasks in one?—the first, instant aid for the helpless and oppressed; the other, the education of the more fortunate ones of the earth in habitudes of kindness. These habitudes are growing—growing, growing every year. But they are imperfect yet, and far from universal; and many a good soul can only be roused to the cash-dispensing point of sympathy when the weather is very cold. It needs the importunate contrast of light, warmth, wealth within, the icy winds and frostbound streets without, to vivify pity for the poor and give it half an hour of constant life. The thought that another year marked off the calendar has brought Me one stage nearer to the days of pain that will end with dankest, coldest night—this has its effect too when Christmas appeals come in; and, as it happens, the more they are responded to (so that it be judiciously and with pains taken) the better for me. Nothing ever said of mankind in half a dozen words is more true than that we are "creatures of habit"; and it would be of double worth as an admonitory saying if we all understood its full significance, and turned it to complete account. To avoid bad habits, which, if they are very bad, do presently breed organic vice in many a mind, is only half the lesson. Imperfect as we are, we should also know that practice in well-doing will set up a virtue where it scarcely existed before, and make some barren place in us blossom as the rose. Every man is aware of what a habit of dram-drinking may do for his character: but

there does not seem to be an equal knowledge of what may be done for it by a few efforts of kindness, repeated at short intervals. Yet some glimpses of the benefit are obtained by the most curmudgeonly at Christmas time and at the New Year festival, and that is a considerable part of the good of the present-giving customs of the season. Even those who chafe at the worry of them, or rebel against an obligation too multitudinous for meagre treasures, are yet aware when all's over of a kind of warmth and complacency like that which ensues upon the torments of the Turkish bath. It is impossible to say how much lasting good would arise from this sensation if our Christmas exercises were not so sudden and violent, and if they were continued (on a smaller scale perhaps) all the year round. From what we know of human nature, however, it does appear certain that experiment carried on for one year only would lead many a man into habitudes of kindness which, at the end of another twelve months, would be fixed and flourishing; and what a difference that would make in him, as well as to all about him! Who'll try? Who would not be good through doing good? It is as certain a consequence as the sinking of character by every act of evil; the promise of it may be found in the worldly-wise saying, "We are creatures of habit": and not till it is taken into account do we understand the full significance of a diviner one: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

The Most Rev. William Thomson, D.D., Archbishop of York nearly twenty-eight years, died on Christmas Day. He was born in February 1819, at Whitehaven, in Cumberland, was educated at Shrewsbury School and at Queen's College, Oxford, having got a scholarship on the foundation in 1837, and took his degree, with third-class honours. When ordained, he held a curacy at Guildford, and was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford at Cuddesdon, but in 1846 returned to a University life, and resided nine years at Oxford as College Tutor, having also, in 1840, been elected to a Fellowship of his own College. This he gave up, in 1855, to marry Miss Zoë Skene, a young lady half of Greek parentage, whose father had been Consul at Aleppo. Mr. Thomson had already won distinction, preaching the Bampton Lectures one year, on the Atonement, and producing also his small treatise on logic, "An Outline of the Necessary Laws of Thought," which might be regarded as an introduction to Sir William Hamilton's system. He was now appointed to the London living of All Souls', Marylebone, but a few months later was elected Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, which post he held six years, adding to it, in 1858, the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn. Her Majesty chose him one of her Chaplains-in-Ordinary; and he enjoyed Court favour. The see of Gloucester and Bristol was vacant towards the end of 1861, and Dr. Thomson was appointed Bishop. About this time he edited the volume of theological controversy called "Aids to Faith," intended as a reply to "Essays and Reviews." Early in 1863, when Archbishop Longley was preferred from York to Canterbury, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol was made Archbishop of York.

In the House of Lords, somehow or other, frequent strong differences of opinion were manifested, on various questions of the administration of ecclesiastical law, between Archbishop Thomson and Bishop Samuel Wilberforce. He agreed more readily with his brother Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Tait; but the measures proposed for a Final Court of Appeal to determine cases of the clergy, in 1864, again in 1871, and other judicial reforms, were much hindered by episcopal objections. Archbishop Thomson opposed, at the outset, in 1868, Mr. Gladstone's proposals for the Irish Church Disestablishment, but did not much interfere with the progress of that great act of justice in the following year. Nor did he speak against Mr. W. E. Forster's Education Bill, while he supported the abolition of religious tests in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1874, under Mr. Disraeli's second Government, he was a leading supporter of the Public Worship Regulation Act, helping to introduce provisions giving the Bishop a discretionary power to allow prosecutions for Ritualist excesses. With the Bishop of London, Dr. Jackson, he introduced the Clergy Dilapidations Act, which has not proved satisfactory. He assisted, in 1876 and 1877, to throw obstacles in the way of the settlement of the Dissenters' Burials grievance, and defeated the Clergy Discipline Bill of 1888. On the whole, Archbishop Thomson's Parliamentary career was less noteworthy than his strength as a debater might have led men to expect.

In his own diocese, and in the Convocation of the Northern Province, he displayed much energy and ability, not always in a conciliatory tone; but his zeal for Church extension, in Sheffield and other large towns of Yorkshire, and his frank addresses to working-men on social and moral questions, won much local popularity, and he was a most diligent prelate. His literary labours were considerable during great part of his life, including contributions to "The Dictionary of the Bible" and "The Speaker's Commentary"; but no great work of scholarly research, or of original speculation, is associated with his name. A tall, portly man of imposing presence, he ever seemed an effective preacher.

The funeral of the Archbishop took place on Dec. 30, in Bishopstoke Churchyard, within a stone's throw of the episcopal palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, together with the Bishops of Ripon, Sodor and Man, Wakefield, Rochester, Newcastle, and Durham, were present. The funeral was preceded at noon by a commemorative service in York Cathedral.

The Portrait is from the photograph by Walery, in "Our Celebrities," No. 29, for November 1890, published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

THE LATE CANON MOLESWORTH.

The Rev. William Nassau Molesworth, formerly Vicar of Rochdale, an Honorary Canon of Manchester Cathedral, who died at Christmas, seventy-four years of age, was known as author of several good books of English political history, as a consistent Liberal, and as a promoter of social reforms and of popular education. He was born near Southampton, in 1816, son of a clergyman, and was educated at the King's School, Canterbury, and at St. John's and Pembroke Colleges, Cambridge, taking his B.A. degree in 1839, and that of M.A. in 1842. From 1841 to 1844 he was incumbent of St. Andrew's, Manchester, and held the vicarage of St. Clement's, Rochdale, from 1844, during many years. In 1857 he wrote an essay on the "Religious Importance of Secular Instruction," advocating views in agreement with the "Lancashire Public School

Association," which was the precursor of the movement finally successful in the Education Act of 1870 for all England. He also published a series of "Plain Lectures on Astronomy," which he had delivered to his own people at Rochdale. The prize for the best essay on the importance of a friendly alliance between England and France was awarded, in 1860, by the referees, Lord Brougham, Lord Clarendon, and Lord Shaftesbury, to this Liberal clergyman, who thereupon undertook a work of standard value, "A History of the Reform Bill of 1832," published in 1864; and this was followed, or rather extended and continued, by the "History of England from the Year 1830," in three volumes, which appeared from 1871 to 1873, and which still remains the best work on its subject. An abridged edition, in one volume, was published in 1877. Mr. Molesworth has also written a treatise on moral philosophy, and a prize essay on the best system of popular instruction.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. E. Debenham, Southampton.

CHAMPION SKATING MATCHES.

While the prolonged frost in the last weeks of December allowed many thousands of Londoners to enjoy safe skating on six-inch ice of the Serpentine, the other park lakes, the Highgate and Hampstead Ponds, the river Lea, and the Brent Reservoir at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, more considerable performances, as usual, took place in the Fen country and other districts of the Eastern Counties. The Lincolnshire Skating Association, whose headquarters are at Spalding, on Friday, Dec. 26, had a grand race for their championship, with a course of ten miles, along the river Welland, five miles to the Counter Drain station of the Bourne and Lynn Railway, and back to Spalding. The winner was Tom Pickering, of Cowbit, Spalding, who did it in thirty-nine minutes seven seconds. In Cambridgeshire, at Littleport, on the Ouse, the National Skating Association, on the same day, held a meeting attended by twenty thousand spectators, when a mile and a half race, with three turns, was won in the final heat, after three rounds, by the champion, James Smart, of Welney, beating T. Wells, of Isleham, at the finish. The best time, however, was made by George See, of Welney, doing the run once in six minutes less nine seconds. We give an illustration of the scene.

GREAT FIRES IN THE CITY.

At noon on Tuesday, Dec. 30, a fire broke out in a block of warehouses on the south side of Queen Victoria-street, in the City, in the paper warehouse of Messrs. Davidson and Co., in an upper room occupied by working girls. It quickly spread, with a north-easterly wind, to the adjacent premises of Messrs. Adolph Frankau and Co., importers of tobacconists' fancy wares, thence to the Victoria Luncheon Rooms of Mr. T. Baze, and to Messrs. Revillon's wholesale fur warehouse. These premises, with much valuable stock, were destroyed, and the damage is estimated at £300,000. In spite of the efforts of the Fire Brigade, with twenty-three steam-engines, under Captain Shaw, the fire was not subdued till four o'clock in the afternoon. The woodwork of the tower of the Welsh Church, St. Benet's, close to Messrs. Davidson's warehouse, soon caught fire, and it was much damaged. There were some fears of the conflagration extending down Benet-hill to Thames-street. Happily there was no loss of life, most of the workpeople being out at the dinner hour. The fire caused great alarm in that part of London. It was immediately followed by another, at Hackney-wick, destroying the chemical factory of Messrs. Hope, with 100,000 gallons of oil. At midnight there was a fire in Aldersgate-street, on the premises of Messrs. Hyman, furriers, which were totally consumed.

TOBOGGANNING IN ENGLAND.

Since the Great American Exhibition at West Brompton, many of our countrymen have learnt to take pleasure in the Canadian and New England sport of "tobogganning," a word and practice derived probably from the Indians, and now becoming familiar on this side of the Atlantic. The delight of sliding down a steep and smooth incline, on some light unwhipped vehicle descending by mere force of gravitation, has long been appreciated in different parts of Europe. It is realised in the so-called "Montagnes Russes"; and many old people dwelling at Lewes, beneath the South Downs of Sussex, may remember how their youthful hearts exulted in sitting on a board and slipping down the half-precipitous grassy face of Mount Caburn. The "toboggan" in Canada is a regular "sleigh," with a broad curved wooden bottom, either holding a pair, who may be a lady and gentleman, in the agreeable state of privileged companionship known there as "muffins," or sometimes large enough for a family party. It is often gracefully shaped, artistically decorated, and made snug with bearskin or buffalo hide, warm rugs, and other comfortable wraps. A wide path down the hill is prepared by beating and hardening the snow, over which the toboggans, with their merry passengers, rush swiftly to the base of the declivity. It is a simple affair, but steering is required, which can be done by the man in front, using his feet on one side or another, or else by a pair of stout sticks occasionally touching the ground alongside. During the severe frost in the last days of December, there was some tobogganning in the Parliament-hill fields, lately annexed to Hampstead Heath, opposite the West Hill of Highgate. Primrose Hill, north of Regent's Park, would seem a good place for this wholesome and exhilarating diversion in winter. The Surrey Downs afford many suitable slopes; and the sport is much in favour, we understand, in several neighbourhoods, especially at Whitley beyond Godalming, a village rather notable as the residence of certain English artists, and which has special attractions, in summer, for the lovers of rural nature. But fancy how, at Montreal, the single tobogganner, lying flat, shoots down a solid cone of ice, sheer 80 ft., the frozen cascade of the Montmorenci.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE.—Sir John Pope Hennessy, Canon Gregory, the late Dr. Schliemann, Mr. F. Horniman's Museum, "My Danish Sweetheart" (Mr. Clark Russell's new story), Henry Irving, Dove Cottage, New Year's Eve Shopping in New York, From the Thames to Siberia, Hawarden Memorial Fountain, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein and Prince Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau, Ghost Dance of Sioux Indians, Colonial Naval Defences of Australia, Friends at a Pinch.

Mr. Gladstone entered upon his eighty-second year on Dec. 29, and received a flood of congratulatory telegrams, including several messages from Irish members of the Nationalist Party. Mr. Gladstone is still in vigorous health, although he has abandoned some of the harder occupations of his old age, such as the felling of trees, and his eyesight and hearing are somewhat affected. He spends much time in his new library; but, though he is greatly enamoured of a retired life, devoted mainly to literary pursuits, he has no immediate intention of quitting public life.

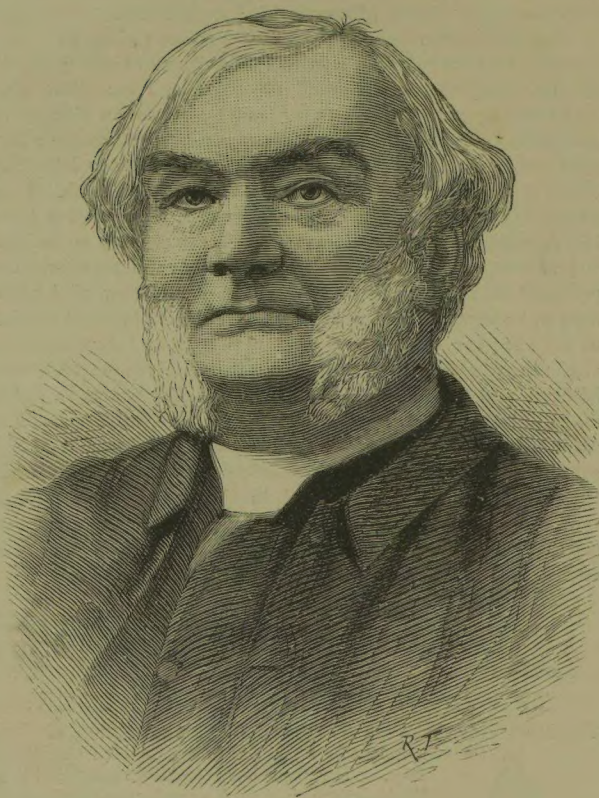


THE LATE REV. WILLIAM NASSAU MOLESWORTH, M.A.,
CANON OF MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, M.P.

The election for the North Division of county Kilkenny, so hotly disputed between Mr. Parnell's adherents in the Irish National League and the section of Irish Home Rulers who have renounced his leadership, resulted in favour of the latter party. The polling, declared on Tuesday, Dec. 23, showed 2527 votes for Sir John Pope Hennessy, and 1365 for the Parnellite candidate, Mr. Vincent Scully.

Sir John Pope Hennessy, K.C.M.G., of Rostellan, county Cork, and of Raleigh's-house, Youghal, is son of Mr. John Hennessy, of Cork, and was born in 1834. He was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1861. He sat as M.P. for King's County from 1859 to 1865. He held the Governorship of Labuan from 1867 to 1871, and subsequently was Governor of the West



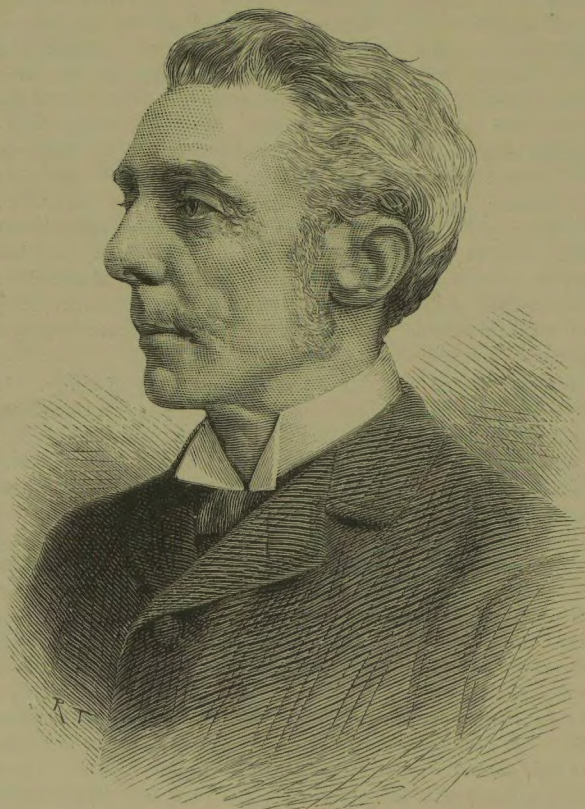
THE REV. CANON ROBERT GREGORY, M.A.,
THE NEW DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

African Settlements; he has since held the Governorships of the Bahama Islands, of the Windward Islands and Barbados, of Hong Kong, and lastly of the Mauritius, whence he returned home in 1889. He is a magistrate for county Cork.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker-street.

THE NEW DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S.

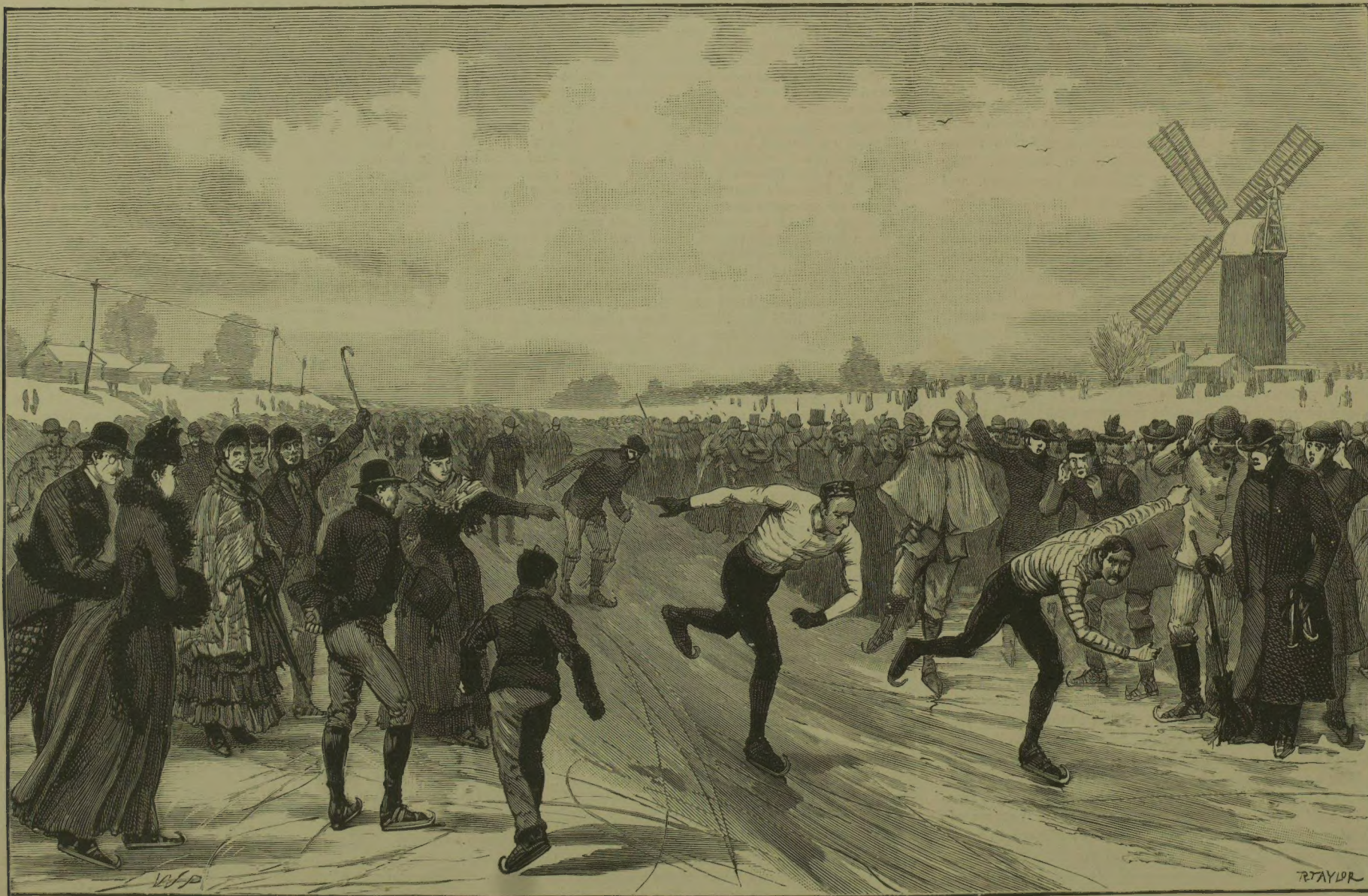
The Rev. Canon Robert Gregory, of St. Paul's Cathedral, who has been appointed Dean, was born in 1819, was educated at private schools and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, where he took his B.A. degree in 1843, and M.A. in 1846. He won the Denyer Theological prize in 1850. Having been ordained, he became, in 1844, Curate of Bisley, in Gloucestershire; 1847, Curate of Panton and Wragby, in Lincolnshire; Curate of the parish church of Lambeth, 1851; in 1853 perpetual Curate of St. Mary-the-Less, Lambeth. In 1868 he was appointed Canon of St. Paul's, and in 1882 Treasurer of the Cathedral. He was three years Rural Dean of Camberwell. In 1868 he was elected Proctor for the Clergy of the Archdeaconry of Surrey



SIR JOHN POPE HENNESSY, K.C.M.G.,
THE NEW M.P. FOR NORTH KILKENNY.

till the election of 1874, when he was elected for the Chapter of St. Paul's, and was re-elected for the Chapter in 1880 and 1885. Canon Gregory has been treasurer of the National Society for the Education of the Children of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church, a member of the Ritual Commission and of the Royal Commission upon the Administration and Operation of the Contagious Diseases Act. He was elected a member of the London School Board in 1873, and sat on the Board until 1876. He was one of the Commissioners to inquire into the parochial charities of the City of London, and the working of the Education Acts. He married, in 1844, Mary Frances, younger daughter of Mr. William Stewart, of Dublin (she died in 1851); and secondly, in 1861, Charlotte Anne, youngest daughter of Admiral the Hon. Sir R. Stopford.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, 230, Regent-street.

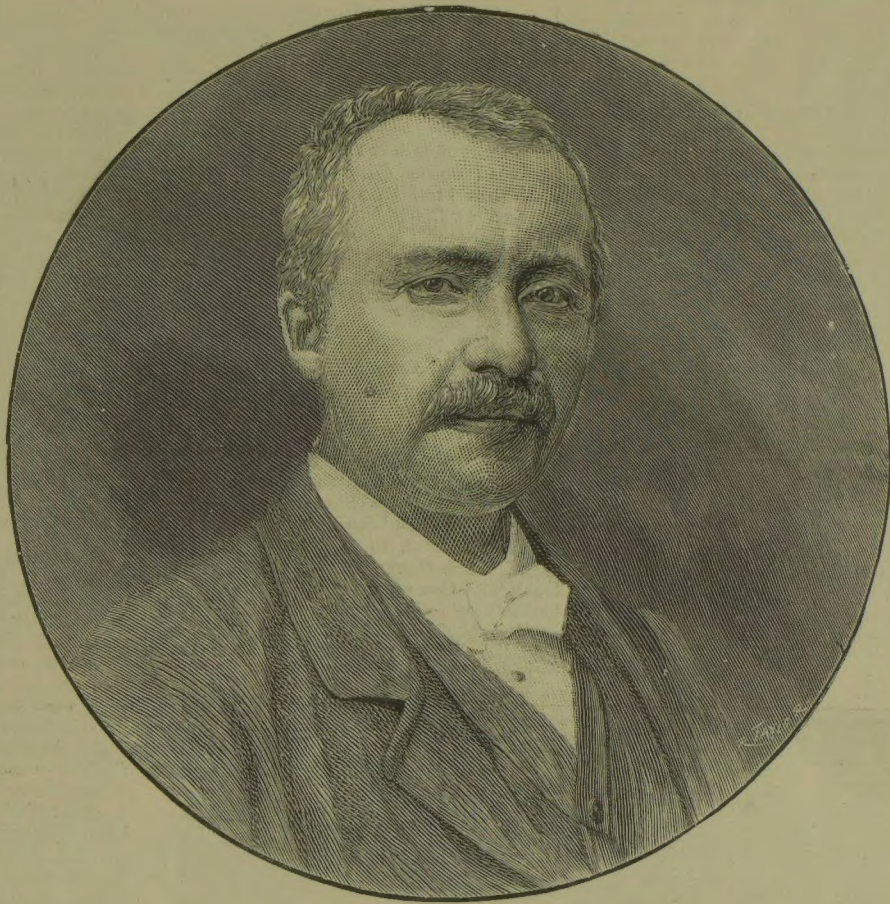


SKATING MATCH AT LITTLEPORT, CAMBRIDGESHIRE: FINAL HEAT BETWEEN J. SMART AND T. WELLS.

THE LATE DR. SCHLIEMANN.

In the vast and diverse range of interesting discoveries accomplished within the past half-century, the revelations of archaeology hold an important domain. India, Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Palestine and Syria, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Crete, and Carthage have yielded from the long-buried ruins of ancient cities, temples, and palaces much accurate knowledge of remote ages of human civilisation. The great empires of Western Asia, the mighty builders on the banks of the Euphrates and of the Nile, the sages of Chaldea, the relics of magnificent Nineveh, the traces of Hittite conquerors, the wealth and skill of the enterprising Phœnicians, have obtained precise witness to their antique grandeur from the use of the spade and shovel; while philologists and decipherers of inscriptions, and students of archaic styles of art, have, by comparing the elements of languages and the types of architecture and sculpture, cast light on the early history of the world. Since Botta and Layard, nearly fifty years ago, determined to search the contents of the mound of Nimroud, digging for knowledge of the dead past has taught us far more than Herodotus could tell; and the Rollin we read in our boyhood seems a compilation of mythical fables. Among the enthusiastic and persevering men, English, French, Italians, and Germans, whose unsparing voluntary services, often at large private expense, have achieved such great results, Heinrich Schliemann is not the least worthy. He died at Naples, on Dec. 26, and his work, though not that of an eminent classical scholar, remains of abiding value to the study of Greek antiquities.

This remarkable man, born in January 1822, son of a poor Lutheran clergyman in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, was endowed with the true North German qualities of resolute industry and intellectual ambition. A child of seven, his imagination was kindled by seeing, in some book, a picture of the burning of Troy. He then conceived the hope of one day exploring the site of Priam's famous city, and could soon read its story in Virgil, for his father taught him Latin. But at the age of fourteen, after brief schooling at Neu Strelitz, this boy was put apprentice to a small grocer at Fürstenberg, and served behind the shop counter five years. In 1841, resolving to emigrate, having been disappointed of a mercantile clerkship at Hamburg, he embarked as cabin boy in a vessel bound for South America, which was wrecked on the coast of Holland. Almost destitute, he went to Amsterdam, and there got a situation in the counting-house of a Dutch merchant. Integrity and diligence secured his frugal livelihood, dining every day at the cost of twopence;



THE LATE DR. HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN, F.S.A.,
EXPLORER OF THE RUINS OF TROY AND MYCENÆ.

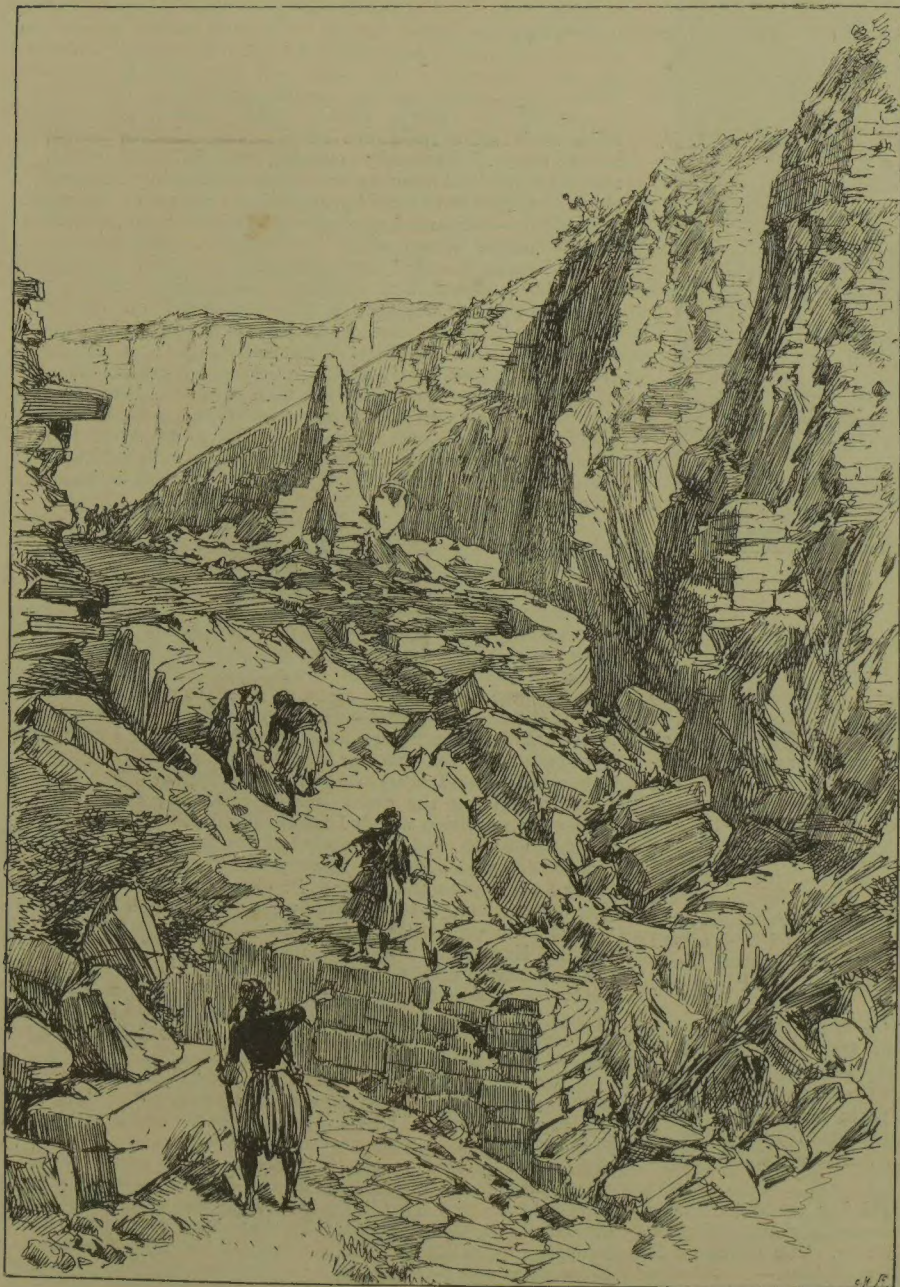
spending half his little salary on books, he taught himself English, French, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese. In 1844 he became foreign corresponding clerk and bookkeeper to Messrs. Schröder, indigo and general merchants. He learnt Russian, without a teacher, and they sent him to do their business at St. Petersburg. There, some years later, he started as a merchant on his own account. With speedy success, he opened a new line of trade to California, went thither in 1850, after the gold discoveries, and made money. Having returned to Russia, he was still lucky, because shrewd, in profits on goods imported just before the ports were closed by the war of

1854. He quickly gained a large fortune, but continued his liberal studies, devoting two years to Greek. In 1858, being rich enough, Schliemann gave up personal occupation in trade, and set out on his travels in pursuit of the knowledge he loved. He visited all the chief cities of Europe, and their universities, libraries, and museums, went up the Nile, looked on Jerusalem, and arrived in Greece, which later became his second home.

But for some years, by cares for the settlement of his commercial transactions, with a prolonged lawsuit, Schliemann's application to the task of his lifelong purpose was still delayed. In the meantime, he travelled round the globe, visiting China and Japan, his account of which was published in French, and made friends in the United States. He visited Greece again in 1868, made some archaeological observations in the Peloponnesus, Ithaca, and the Troad, and wrote a French treatise upon them. In 1870 he settled at Athens, marrying a Greek young lady who is also a Homeric scholar; afterwards, by permission of the Greek Government, he began his excavations, continued till 1873, at Hissarlik, on the plain of Troy, followed by those on the site of Mycenæ, in Argos, the reputed Kingdom of Agamemnon.

We gave some account of these discoveries, with many illustrations, in several Numbers of our Journal published in 1877. Dr. Schliemann's book on Mycenæ and Tiryns, with a preface by Mr. Gladstone, was then published in English; and he came to London, with a collection of antiquities which was exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, but which is now at Berlin. This was the Hissarlik collection, described and illustrated in our pages on Dec. 29, 1877, but Dr. Schliemann's later explorations have added to these supposed relics of Troy. His own book on "Troy and its Remains" had appeared in 1874, after which he was employed three years in unearthing the ruins of Mycenæ, finding the rock-cut tombs, as he supposed, of Atreus, his son Agamemnon, the Princesses Cassandra and another daughter of Agamemnon, and Eurymedon, the King's charioteer. We are sceptical concerning the identification of these sepulchres at Mycenæ, though Pausanias, a writer of the second century after Christ, says that they existed. Golden vases and ornaments were also found by Dr. Schliemann in the tombs. But equal doubts are entertained with regard to the identity of Priam's Ilium with one of the four towns, or forts and palaces, of different ages, in successive layers, of the mound of Hissarlik in the Troad.

The Portrait is copied, by permission, from "Men of Mark," published by Mr. George C. Whitfield, 157, Great Portland-street.



1. Golden Diadem, from Hissarlik.
3. Golden Mask, from Mycenæ.

2. Vase with Owl's Head, from Hissarlik.
4. Silver Cow's Head, with Gold Horns, Mycenæ.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The New Year begins under circumstances which are, on the whole, very favourable to that continuance of peace to which the Prime Minister alluded in such hopeful terms, in his speech at the Guildhall, on Nov. 10 last. From all great Continental capitals intelligence comes which tends to confirm and strengthen this view of the situation of Europe on the threshold of 1891, and there are no threatening clouds on the political horizon to cast a shadow over the New-Year festivities. On the other hand, the unusually severe weather prevailing all over Europe is causing great distress among the poorer classes; and even Italy has been visited with snowstorms, especially in the northern and southern portions of the kingdom. From Naples we hear of a heavy fall of snow, followed by floods, which have considerably impeded the railway traffic.

On Dec. 17 the German Empress gave birth to a son. The auspicious event, which was not expected till January, was made known to the Emperor at the Opera, and he at once left for the Schloss, after having given orders that an announcement to the effect that a sixth son had just been born to him should be made to the audience. This was done between the first and second acts, and the news was received with great enthusiasm, the audience rising to their feet and joining in the National Anthem, which was played by the orchestra. The Empress and infant Prince are reported to be doing well.

The rather startling rumour that the German Emperor intended to visit Paris this year, set afloat by some Parisian journals a short time ago, has been semi-officially denied in the German Press; but not, however, until a number of Continental writers had been indulging in wild speculations as to the awkward incidents to which the alleged journey of the

Vienna and Pesth, is now connected with the Silesian lines, and will shortly be put in communication by rail with the south.

The Austrian and Italian Governments have agreed to prolong for another year the Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between the two countries. An agreement to this effect was signed on Dec. 27 last at Rome by Signor Crispi and Baron Bruck, the Austrian Ambassador to the Quirinal.

A new French loan will be issued early in January, probably between the 10th and 12th, but the date has not yet been decided upon by the Finance Minister. The festive period of the *Jour de l'An* has brought about the usual lull in political affairs known as the "Confectioners' Truce," which will last until the Chambers meet again, on Jan. 12, and the only event of importance to be recorded is the production, at the Gymnase Theatre, of a new play by M. Alphonse Daudet, "L'Obstacle," which seems to have met with fair success.

French literature has suffered a heavy loss through the death, on Sunday, Dec. 28, of M. Octave Feuillet, one of the most distinguished contemporary French men of letters. M. Feuillet, who was born in 1812, soon made his mark as a playwright and, later, as a novelist. He had been elected to the Academy in 1862, and was an officer of the Legion of Honour.

The Protectionist wave which has for some time swept over most of the Continental countries has reached Spain, where an almost prohibitory tariff has been promulgated and enforced from Jan. 1. In addition to this, a Commission has been appointed to assist the Government in preparing a denunciation of the treaties of Commerce next February, and in drawing up a new tariff to come into force in 1892. What this tariff will be is sufficiently indicated by the preamble to

MUSIC.

In the musical world proper nothing has been stirring for some days. This is quite in accordance with the usual order of Yuletide affairs. The festive season always has a peculiarly paralysing effect upon the ranks of our concert-givers. The industrious *impresario* subsides as a matter of course with the approach of Christmas, and sinks into a state of tuneless torpor for at least a fortnight. This interval of suspended animation is not to be attributed to any sudden attack of voluntary laziness, but rather to the attitude adopted at this period of the year by the usually confiding ticket-taker. This latter individual entirely loses his taste for solid and substantial music when the cares of Christmas card posting and Christmas dinner ordering come upon him. The melody attending the consumption of mince-pies must be of the lightest and brightest, while if any polyphony at all is to be associated with the bringing in of the plum-pudding, it must consist in the shouting of choruses in several simultaneous keys and times. In short, Christmas music must be child-like, simple, and utterly free from the guile of the advanced school. Take our old friends the waits, for example. You could hardly wish for anything less complicated in the harmonic line than "The Mistletoe Bough" ground out *adagio* by a wheezy cornet and a mournful trombone, with the occasional assistance of a few notes from "the soft complaining flute" in the middle octave. I must confess, though, to having been once startled from my slumbers in the silent watches of the night by what I took to be some heavy contrapuntal attempts in the direction of canon and fugue on the part of my midnight serenaders, but what maturer reflection in waking moments assured me was merely the result of unduly prolonged efforts "to keep out the cold." Happily for my present frame of mind, the salubrious suburb where erstwhile I was wont to call down maledictions on the disturbers of the small hours knows me no longer. Even the penetrating tone of the most conscientious waits cannot materially influence the course of one's slumbers when one's abiding place is situated near the roof of a new-fangled pile of "flats," under the shadow of Westminster Abbey.

I think that the most serious and ambitious music that I have listened to during the last week or so is that composed by MM. Jacobi and Wenzel for the rival ballet-horses in Leicester-square. These two *maestri* have very different styles, and I have found it not uninteresting to compare their respective characteristics. As an artist Jacobi must certainly be awarded the palm, but I am not at all sure that Wenzel's method, brilliant, effective, and flashy as it is, is not the most suitable for a theatre of varieties. Wenzel's dance-measures are superficially fascinating, and that, it seems to me, is one of the chief points to be kept in view in writing ballet-music for an Empire or an Alhambra. Jacobi's work is far deeper than Wenzel's, but Wenzel picks his themes with more care and discretion. The Alhambra *chef d'orchestre* is, perhaps, getting towards the end of his tether. At any rate, he seems inclined to content himself with commonplace phrases. These phrases he dresses up delightfully enough, but, as they are lacking in character and individuality, one does not appreciate the cleverness with which they are treated until one has sat through the piece two or three times. I fancy that there are not too many conscientious critics who are prepared to perform this feat. The Empire band boasts a second oboe and a second bassoon—in fact, it is altogether more powerful in relation to the size of the house than the Alhambra orchestra. The first violins are exceptionally strong at both theatres, though the flat roof of the Empire gives that important instrumental array a better chance. I should rather like to see what is irreverently termed the "kitchen furniture" looked to at the Alhambra. The clash of the cymbals resembles nothing so much as the sound caused by the fall of a sackful of broken glass. Both Jacobi and Wenzel have made some little use of "leading themes" in their latest scores. Curiously enough, the *leitmotif* which is associated at the Alhambra with the slumbering Princess—I think she must have been hypnotised by means of the whirling spindle—is founded on a phrase of three notes, which has also furnished Wenzel with his "Dolly" leading theme. In "The Sleeping Beauty" the passage is suave and flowing, for Jacobi has assigned it to the flute and oboe in octaves, and marked it *legato*. Wenzel's "Doll motive," on the other hand, though in the same time, is played in jerky *staccato* fashion, while the doubling of the melody on the *Glockenspiel* gives it an intentionally toylike and trivial colouring. Any young student of orchestration who wants to know how to use the cornet and side-drum with effect and refinement cannot do better, when he pays his next visit to the Alhambra, than note carefully the manner in which these instruments are treated throughout the martial dance in the first tableau.

By way of further plunging myself into the musical atmosphere peculiar to Christmas, I wandered the other afternoon into St. James's Hall, and listened for a while with respectful wonder to the latest bouquet of ballads culled from various sources by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. I say "respectful wonder," because I respected the opinions of the crowded audience by which I was surrounded, but, at the same time, I wondered at the enormity of their appetite for such mawkish fare. I have no wish to fling a stone at so sacred an institution as the band of burnt-corked brethren whose boast it used to be that they never performed out of London. I am trying not to approach the question in the spirit of the irresponsible iconoclast. But I must confess to having felt just a little vexed at finding the great British public so constant to a form of composition which I fondly fancied was slowly dying a natural death, and so keenly enthusiastic over a style of vocalisation which, to put it very mildly, is not ideal. One thing I must give the M. and B. choristers credit for—they sing in excellent tune. For this virtue shall much be forgiven.

Yet more Christmas music—this time very much for the people. Exeter Hall was the place, and Mr. Herbert Booth, "Commandant" of the Salvation Army, was the unprofessional conductor. Some thousands of "Hallelujah lads and lasses" formed the chorus, and the orchestra was composed of Walker's big organ and a conscientious brass band, which earned its stipend right nobly.

I see that the excellent and erudite "G. B. S." has been sticking his sharp-pointed dagger once again into the ribs of the learned Brahms. I have some sympathy with the critic of the *World* in this connection, for I too have on occasion suffered much from musical dyspepsia after a surfeit of this contrapuntist's weighty productions. But I can never banish Brahms from my mental list of composers whose works are illumined, for the most part, by that flash of genius which, I venture to think, is always recognisable, if indescribable. Many years ago I first heard the "Schicksalslied," or "Song of Destiny," as the translator has it. In that cantata occurs a very striking rhythmic figure for the drums. It has been said that no musician who ever hears that figure can forget it, and I should imagine that the person who said that was right. It certainly haunted me for weeks afterwards, and the name of Brahms always brings it back to my mind. L. M.



GREAT FIRE IN QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, CITY.

young Kaiser might have led. But if his Majesty is not going to Paris, it is probable that he will come to this country in July during the Cowes week.

Last autumn the Queen presented the Prussian regiment of which she is honorary Colonel (First Dragoon Guards) with a portrait of herself by Herr von Angeli. As an acknowledgment of the honour done to them, the officers have just forwarded to her Majesty a large and handsomely painted photograph of their regiment in parade order.

The German Socialist leaders are now trying to obtain a foothold in the country districts, and have issued a proclamation to the peasants, in which, after stating that the present condition of the agricultural labourers is such that they are almost in a state of slavery, they point to the dawn of a new era which will bring joy and happiness to them as well as to the toilers in the cities. They also denounce the patriarchal system as being disastrous to the peasants, accuse the aristocracy of making the agricultural labourers the slaves of machinery, and declare their intention to fight the battle of the peasants. By a curious coincidence it is reported that the Catholic clergy in Germany have received secret instructions to combat Socialism in all its forms. The reason for this attitude of the Holy See towards Socialism is that it considers that the German Socialists, being the allies of Freemasons, are, as a natural consequence, the enemies of the Roman Catholic Church.

The Christmas festivities in Vienna have been as gay as usual, and Christmas trees were in such demand that the prices went up one hundred per cent., notwithstanding a plentiful supply. They coincided with the celebration of the birthday of the Empress on Christmas Eve, when there was a family dinner-party in the Hofburg. On the 30th of December the Emperor went to the ancient city of Pressburg to open the new iron bridge over the Danube. The new structure, besides being a boon to the inhabitants, will have a considerable strategical value, as Pressburg lies on the main line between

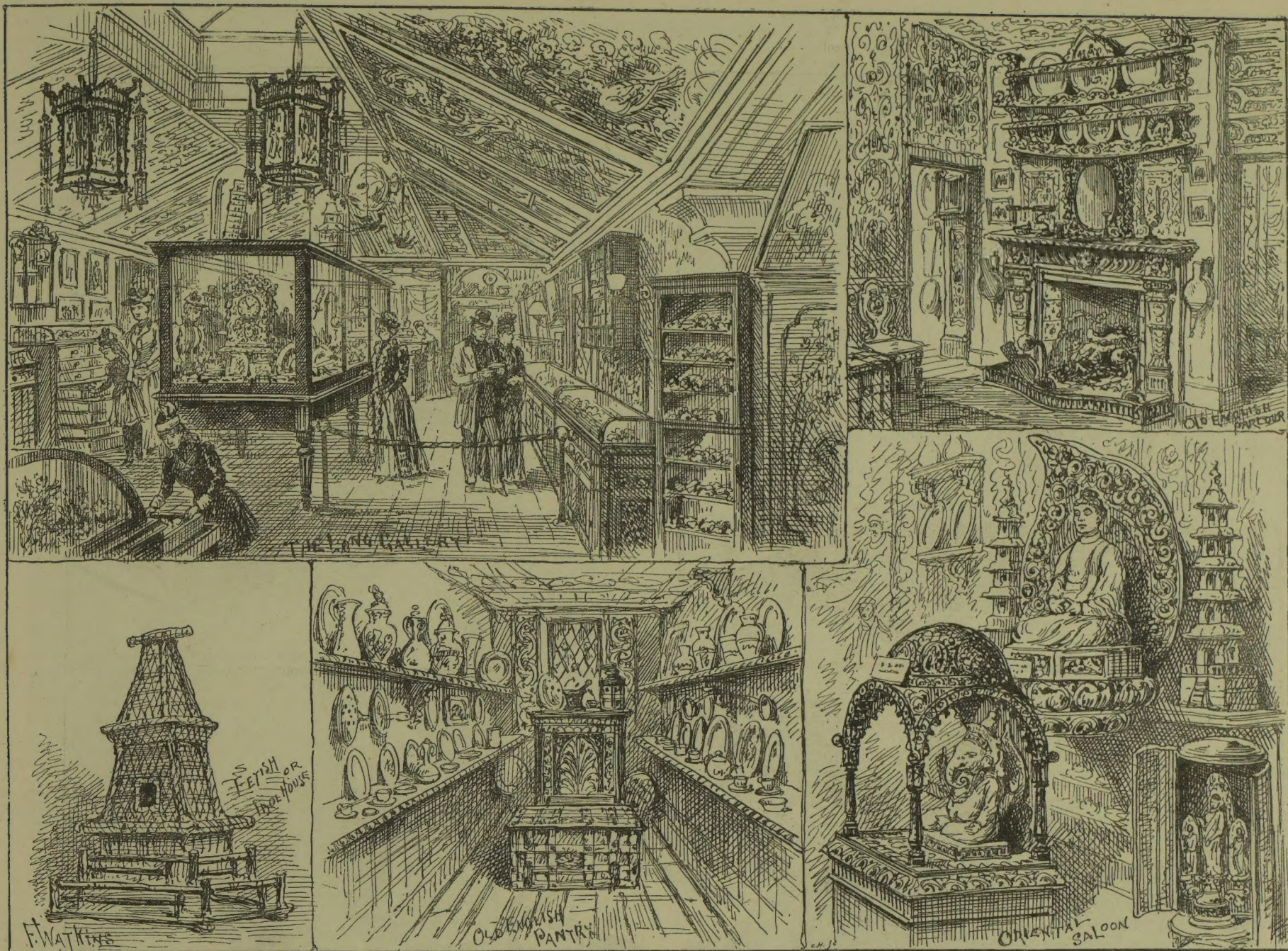
the decree appointing the Commission, which states that the new commercial policy of Spain will be strictly Protectionist.

From Holland it is announced that the Dutch High Court of Justice has decided that all officials are to take the oath of allegiance to "King" and not to "Queen" Wilhelmina, so that, should occasion arise, the faithful subjects of her youthful Majesty might very properly adopt the cry of the Hungarian nobles of old, with a slight variation, and exclaim, "Moriatur pro rege nostro Wilhelmina!"

The Balkan Peninsula, which is generally the dark spot of Europe, is now in a pretty satisfactory condition, notwithstanding a certain restlessness in Albania and the armaments that are going on in Roumania, where ten new detached forts for the defence of Bucharest will be completed and armed with Krupp guns before the summer; and in Servia, where arms and ammunition are being poured in by the Russian Government.

The capture of Big Foot by Major Whitesides, and the surrender of the hostile Indians in the Badlands, is perhaps the beginning of the end of the American-Indian difficulty. Big Foot was captured near Porcupine Creek, on Dec. 28, after a most sanguinary fight, in which Captain Wallace was killed and seventy-five of the American cavalrymen were killed or wounded, while on the Indian side 110 warriors and 250 women and children were killed.

It is said that the King of Portugal has consented to the proposed journey of the Infante Afonso to Madeira, the Azores, and the Portuguese possessions in Africa. The Infante will not join the military expedition to Mozambique.—The Cortes are to be opened on Jan. 2 by the King, when they will be further adjourned for three months.—Senhor De Soveral, the Portuguese Chargé d'Affaires in London, has arrived at Lisbon. His journey to that city is said to be connected with the negotiations now being carried on between England and Portugal with regard to a new African Convention.



OPENING OF MR. FREDERICK HORNIMAN'S MUSEUM AT SURREY HOUSE, FOREST HILL.

THE GUELPH EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of the memorials of the Royal House of Guelph—or of Guelph D'Este, to speak more correctly—does not cede in interest to either Tudor or the Stuart displays at the New Gallery. We are brought out of the dimly lighted region of romance and surmise to the clear blaze of certainty and historical fact. Nor is the period to which the present exhibition is limited devoid of claims to our reverence. The Georgian Period, as we are commonly accustomed to call it, has seen both the making and the expansion of England. It has seen the Government pass from the great families to the great parties, and the rise of the monarchy of the middle classes on the passing of the Reform Bill. It has witnessed this country at the height of its influence as a European Power, battling with Spain and France, the masters of the Continent, and emerging from the contest rich with the spoils of colonial conquest; and it lasted long enough to see England practically withdraw from an active part in Continental quarrels and intrigues.

In domestic affairs the period is not less eventful. It covers the whole period of English art as a national school, from its foundation by Hogarth to its perfection in the hands of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner. It embraces the whole history of water-colour painting, a thoroughly national art; of cabinet-work after the standard of Chippendale, Sheraton, and others. It has seen the rise—and in some instances the decay—of the making of porcelain, of which, perhaps, the earliest specimen was made at Burslem, in 1740, Bow, Chelsea, Worcester, Derby, Lowestoft, Plymouth, and Bristol following a few years later, in the order named. It saw the rise and total disappearance of the manufacture of Battersea enamel. In science as in trade, in literature as in enterprise, the period has been rich in conquests and achievements, and we may naturally display some interest in those to whom we owe so much of what we now enjoy. How have the committee of management arranged to bring before our eyes the men and women who lived in these times, and helped on the English race towards its fuller development? A very short survey will give a most satisfactory answer to this inquiry.

In the West Gallery, or Royal Room, are arranged the Sovereigns of the House of Hanover, beginning with the Electress Sophia, and closing with Lawrence's full-length portrait of George IV. (90) in his coronation robes.

In the North Gallery are brought together the Statesmen and Commanders, military and naval, to whom England owes her greatness; and, in order to make the room more brilliant, as well as historical, there is a plentiful sprinkling of the beautiful women who inspired politicians, and for whose defence soldiers and sailors fought.

In the South Gallery are brought together poets, artists, actors and actresses, authors, and many who, without any distinct "mission" in the world, left their mark on it, or, at least, the memory of their passage. To know something, however little, of what these men and women did or said would in itself be a liberal education, and on this ground, which some may consider sordid, the present exhibition will be found more "utilitarian" than either of its predecessors.

Thus far, we have only spoken of what is to be found on the walls of the three principal galleries; but in each, as well as in the hall and balcony, are objects of attraction for every taste. Miniatures relating to the Royal family, lent by the Queen and other members, and, in close juxtaposition, the

miniatures and relics which belonged to Mrs. Fitzherbert, including her own and the Prince Regent's wedding-rings (425). It is a curious testimony to the progress made towards truth and justice to find, in an exhibition under the patronage of the Queen, Gainsborough's portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert (85) admitted into the "Royal Gallery," and the fact of her marriage recorded in the official catalogue. Not less interesting is it to find that Nelson, Wellington, and Napoleon gave locks of their hair (434) to the luckless lady whose fame time has at last cleared of all reproach.

Among the relics properly so called, the case (L) containing the relics of Nelson and Wellington will probably be the most popular, among which are the telescope and walking-stick belonging to the former, and the tea-pot and eye-glasses of the latter. There is also a large punch "rummer" (829), known as a "Nelson Funeral Glass," which possesses the merit of rarity if not of beauty. Of still greater interest, however, is Robert Burns's Tumbler (841), on which the poet inscribed the lines to Willie Stewart.

Come, camper high, express our joy,
The bowl ye maun renew it;
The tappit hen, gae, fetch her ten,
To welcome Willie Stewart.

Of the plate, watches, Wedgwood ware, and china it is unnecessary to speak in detail. The selection has been made with great judgment as well as taste, for in nearly all cases the objects exhibited have some definite relation to the persons or events of the period. Of the miniatures we must speak on another occasion. It is sufficient to say that they form one of the most attractive features of the exhibition, and make us regret more keenly than ever the decay of an art which had been raised to so high a pitch.

The autographs, which are arranged in cases round the balcony, will be found interesting to those curious about handwriting—and, we may add, about spelling—of men of letters. It gives us something like a shock to find Addison writing about "Parlament" (1740), and Sheridan complaining of his "Carriage" (1804)—and these are only specimens of the way in which educated men seem to have taken liberties with their mother tongue in moments of abandon.

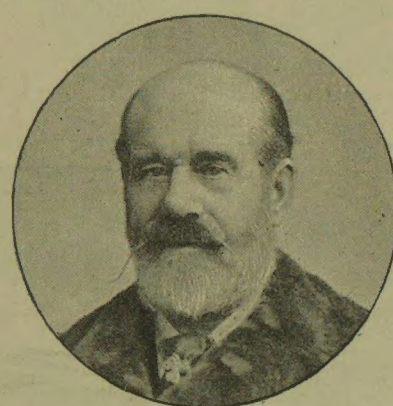
On the present occasion we have only referred generally to the contents of this interesting exhibition. Many of the pictures especially demand more detailed notice; for in several instances they open up questions and recall persons and events, which, although now dimmed by distance, were of primary importance at the time. Our memory of them well deserves to be refreshed, and we are grateful to the managers of the Guelph Exhibition for affording us so excellent an opportunity. A word of congratulation must also be given to those to whom the hanging of the pictures has been entrusted. By the system adopted of mingling the portraits of men and women, officers and civilians, a pleasing variety has been obtained, without too much violence to chronological sequence.

We are glad to state that the reported death of the Dowager Lady de Ros is incorrect.

The *Court Circular* gives a long list of New Year's honours. Sir F. Sandford and Sir E. C. Guinness are to have peerages, and baronetcies are conferred upon Sir H. G. Robinson, Sir H. Rawlinson, Dr. Quain, and Mr. Thomas Brooks.

MR. F. HORNIMAN'S MUSEUM, FOREST HILL.

The people of South London and adjacent suburbs have to



MR. F. HORNIMAN.

be grateful to Mr. Frederick Horniman, a well-known City merchant residing at Dulwich, for a munificent and beneficial Christmas gift. This gentleman has, during thirty years, formed a collection, worth above £100,000, of specimens of art, European, antique, Egyptian, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese, also of decorative manufactures, and of ethnology and

natural history, and rare books and manuscripts, at Surrey House, Forest Hill, which he intends to present to the public. The museum was opened by Sir Morell Mackenzie on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 24. It already comprises twenty-four rooms, containing many beautiful specimens of horse and chain armour, Elizabethan bed-room furniture, an old English parlour and pantry, an Oriental armoury, a bible and manuscript room, an Egyptian gallery, an ethnographical saloon, a book and embroidery saloon, a porcelain and glass room, and a zoological saloon, with two live Russian bears and a monkey. We may describe the museum further, after another visit. Our Artist has sketched, in the ethnographical saloon, an idol's shrine, made of cocoanut-fibre, from Fiji. Mr. Horniman, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, said that in an adjoining house he had accumulated a vast library of bibles and entomological works and specimens. It was his intention to build a hall at the back of the present building to contain a thousand persons, while the galleries would contain a library, and a stage would be provided, so that both eye and ear could be amused. He also contemplated buying sufficient land to enable a public body to erect class-rooms and gymnasium. Three cheers were given for Mr. Horniman, and the company proceeded to inspect the museum.

The skull of Mozart has been unearthed and presented to the Mozart Museum at Salzburg. It is a pretty satire on phrenology that it has been discovered to be lacking in the bump of music.

The Christmas sermon at Westminster Abbey was preached by the Dean. The human conscience, said Dr. Bradley, rebelled against uncared-for misery; if behind all misery and suffering there was no power left that could sympathise with sorrow, redress wrong, heal wounds, then, indeed, the sweet and holy life that began its earthly course as on Christmas Day was from first to last the most melancholy of all delusions, the angels' message a poor, unmeaning nursery song, and all the hearts that that life has strengthened, all the lives it has ennobled, have been misdirected and turned astray.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"I see him now," he continued, turning his eyes blindly upon my face. "There's nothen I forget about him. There's his sleeve lying beautifully pinned agin his breast, and the fin of his decapitated harm aworking full of excitement within."

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

A SULLEN DAY.

ON the morning of October 21, in a year that one need not count very far back to arrive at, I was awakened from a light sleep into which I had fallen after a somewhat restless night by a sound as of thunder some little distance off, and on going to my bedroom window to take a view of the weather I beheld so wild and forbidding a prospect of sea and sky that the like of it is not to be imagined.

The heavens were a dark, stooping, universal mass of vapour—swollen, moist, of a complexion rendered malignant beyond belief by a sort of greenish colour that lay upon the face of it. It was tufted here and there into the true aspect of the electric tempest; in other parts, it was of a sulky, foggy thickness; and as it went down to the sea-line it wore, in numerous places, a plentiful, heavy, dark shading that caused the clouds upon which this darkness rested to look as though their heavy burthen of thunder was weighing their overcharged breasts down to the very sip of the salt.

A small swell was rolling in betwixt the two horns of cliff which framed the wide bight of bay that I was overlooking. The water was very dark and ugly with its reflection of the greenish, sallowish atmosphere that tinged its noiseless, sliding volumes. Yet, spite of the shrouding shadow of storm all about, the horizon lay a clear line, spanning the yawn of ocean and heaven betwixt the foreland points.

There was nothing to be seen seaward; the bay, too, was empty. I stood for a little while watching the cloud of foam made by the swell where it struck upon the low, black ledge of what we called in those parts Deadlow Rock, and upon the westernmost of the two fangs of reef some little distance away from the Rock, and named by the sailors hereabouts the Twins; I say I stood watching this small play of white water, and hearkening for another rumble of thunder; but all remained hushed—not a breath of air—no glance of dumb lightning.

On my way to the parlour I looked in upon my mother, now an old lady, whose growing infirmities obliged her to keep her bed till the day was advanced. I kissed and greeted her.

"It seems a very dark melancholy morning, Hugh," says she.

"Ay, indeed," I answered. "I never remember the like of such a sky as is hanging over the water. Did you hear the thunder just now, mother?"

She answered no, but then, to be sure, she was a little deaf. "I hope, Hugh," said she, with a wistful shake of her head and smoothing her snow-white hair with a hand that slightly trembled, "that it may not end in a life-boat errand. I had a wretched dream last night. I saw you enter the boat and sail into the bay. The sun was high and all was bright and clear; but on a sudden the weather grew black—dark as it now is. The wind swept the water which leaped high and boiled. You and the men strove hard to regain the land, and then gave up in despair, and you put right before the wind, and the

boat sped like an arrow into the gloom and haze; and just before she vanished a figure rose by your side where you sat steering, and gazed at me thus"—she placed her forefinger upon her lip in the posture of one commanding silence. "It was your father, Hugh: his face was full of entreaty and despair." She sighed deeply. "How clearly does one sometimes see in dreams!" she added. "Never was your father's face in his dear life more distinct to my eyes than in this vision."

"A Friday night's dream told on a Saturday!" said I, laughing: "no chance of its coming true, though. No fear of the Janet"—for that was the name of our life-boat—"blowing out to sea. Besides, the bay is empty. There can be no call. And supposing one should come and this weather should burst into a hurricane, I'd rather be afloat in the Janet than in the biggest ship out of London or Liverpool docks," and so saying I left her, never giving her dream or her manner another thought.

After I had breakfasted I walked down to the esplanade to view the Janet as she lay snug in her house. I was her coxswain, and how it happened that I filled that post I will here explain.

My father, who had been a captain in the merchant service, had saved money, and invested his little fortune in a couple of ships, in one of which, fifteen years before the date of this story, he had embarked to take a run in her from the river Thames to Swansea, where she was to fill up with cargo for a South American port. She was a brand-new ship, and he wished to judge of her sea-going qualities. When she had rounded the North Foreland the weather thickened; it came on to blow a gale of wind; she took the ground somewhere near the North Sand Head, and of twenty-three people aboard of her fifteen perished, my father being among those who were drowned.

His brother—my uncle, George Tregarthen—was a well-to-do merchant in the City of London, and in memory of my father's death, which grieved him to the soul, and which, with the loss of the others, had come about through delay in sending help from the land—for they fired guns and burnt flares, and the adjacent light-ship signalled with rockets that a vessel was ashore; but all to no purpose, for when the rescue was attempted the ship was breaking up, and most of her people were corpses, as I have said—my uncle, by way of memorialising his brother's death, at his own cost presented the little town in which my father had lived with a life-boat, which he called the Janet, after my mother. I was then too young to take a part in any services she rendered; but by the time I had reached the age of twenty I was as expert as the smartest boatman on our part of the coast, and, as I claimed a sort of captaincy of the life-boat by virtue of her as a family gift, I replaced the man who had been her coxswain, and for the last two years had taken her helm during the six times she had been called upon; and not a little proud was I to be able to boast that, under my charge, the Janet in those two years had rescued twenty-three men, five women, and two children from certain death.

No man could love his dog or his horse—indeed, I may say, no man could love his sweetheart—with more fondness than I loved my boat. She was a living thing, to my fancy, even when she was high and dry. She seemed to appeal to me out of a vitality that might well have passed for human, to judge of the moods it kindled in me. I would sit and view her, and think of her afloat, figure some dreadful scene of shipwreck, some furious surface of seething yeast, with a ship in the heart of it, coming and going amid storms of spray; and then I would picture the boat crushing the savage surge with her shoulder, as she stormed through the tremendous play of ocean on her way to the doomed craft whose shrouds were thick with men; until such emotions were raised in me that I have known myself almost unconsciously to make an eager step to the craft, and pat her side, and talk to her as though she were sentient and could understand my caress and whispers.

My mother was at first strongly opposed to my risking my life in the Janet. She said I was not a sailor, least of all was I of the kind who manned these boats, and for some time she would not hear of me going as coxswain in her, except in fine weather or when there was little risk. But when, as coxswain, I had brought home my first little load of precious human freight—five Spaniards, with the captain's wife and a little baby, wrapped in a shawl, against her heart—my mother's reluctance yielded to her pride and gratitude. She found something beautiful, noble, I had almost said divine, in this life-saving—in this plucking of poor human souls from the horrible jaws of death—in the hope and joy, too, raised in the heart of the shipwrecked by the sight of the boat, or in the supporting animation which came from knowledge that the boat would arrive in time, and which enabled men to bear up, when, perhaps, had there been no promise of a boat coming to them, they must have drooped and surrendered their spirits to God.

Well, as I have said, I went down to the esplanade, where the boat-house was, to take a look at the boat, which was, indeed, my regular daily custom, one I could find plenty of leisure for, since I was without occupation, owing to a serious illness that had baulked my efforts six years before, and that had left me too old for another chance in the same way—and without will, either, for the matter of that; for my mother's income was abundant for us both, and, when it should please God to take her, what was hers would be mine, and there was more than enough for my plain wants.

Before entering the house I came to a stand to light a pipe and cast a look around. The air was so motionless that the flame of the match I struck burnt without a stir. I took notice of a slight increase in the weight of the swell which came brimming into the bay out of the wide, dark field of the Atlantic Ocean: for that was the sea our town faced, looking due west from out of the shadow of the Cornwall heights, at the base of which it stood—a small, solid heap of granite-coloured buildings dominated by the tall spire of the church of St. Saviour, the gilt cross atop of which gleamed this

morning against the scowl of the sky as though the beam of the risen sun rested upon it.

The dark line of the broad esplanade went winding round with the trend of shore to the distance of about a mile. The dingy atmosphere gave it a colouring of chocolate, and the space of white sand which stretched to the wash of the water had the glance of ivory from the contrast. The surf was small, but now that I was near I could catch a note in the noise it made as it foamed in a cloudy line upon the sand, which made me think of the voice of a distant tempest, as though each running fold brought with it, from far past the sea-line, some ever-dying echo of the hurricane's rage there. But a man had need to live long at the seaside to catch these small accents of storm in the fall and pouring of the unweary breaker.

A number of white-breasted gulls, with black-edged wings, were flying close in-shore this side the Deadlow Rock and Twins: their posture was in the main one of hovering and peering, and there was a sort of subdued expectancy rather than restlessness in their motions; but they frequently uttered sharp cries, and were certainly not afishing, for they never stooped. Within a stone's-throw of the life-boat house was a coastguard's hut, a little place for keeping a look-out from, marked by a flag-post; and the preventive man, with a telescope under his arm, stood in the doorway, talking to an aged boatman named Isaac Jordan. The land past that flagstaff went in a rise, and soared into a very noble height of dark cliff, the extremity of which we called Hurricane Point. It looked a precipitous, deadly, inhospitable terrace of rocks in the dismal light of that leaden morning. The foreland rose out of the bed of foam which was kept boiling at the iron base by the steadfast hurl of the Atlantic swell; yet Hurricane Point made a fine shelter of our bay when the wind came out from the north, and I have seen the sea there bursting and soaring into the air in volumes of steam, and the water a mile and a half out running wide and wild and white with the whipping of the gale, when, within, a wherry might have strained to her painter without shipping a cupful of water.

There was an old timber pier going into the sea from off a projection of land, upon the northernmost point of which the life-boat house stood; this pier had a curl like the crook of a sailor's rheumatic forefinger; but it was not possible to find any sort of harbour in the rude, black, gleaming embrace of its pitched and weedy piles, save in smooth and quiet weather. It was an old pier, and had withstood the wash and shocks of fifty years of the Atlantic billow—enough to justify a man in staring at it, since ours was a wild and stormy sea-board, where everything had to be as strong as though we were at sea, and had the mighty ocean itself to fight. At times a collier would come sailing round Bishopnose Point, a tall reddish-hued bluff past Deadlow Rock, and slide within the curve of the pier, and discharge her freight. Here, too, in the seasons might be seen a cluster of fishing-boats, mainly the sharp-ended luggers of Penzance; but this morning, as I have already said, all was vacant from the horizon to the white sweep of sand—vacant and, in a manner, motionless too, with the quality of stagnation that came into the picture out of the sullen, breathless, gloom-laden atmosphere, nothing stirring, as it seemed, save the heave of the swell, and a few active figures of longshoremen down by the pier hauling up their boats high and dry upon the sand, with an eye to what was coming in the weather.

I entered the life-boat house and killed ten minutes or so in surveying the fabric inside and out, and seeing that everything was in readiness should a call come. A ship's barometer—a good instrument—hung against the wall or bulkhead of the wooden edifice. The mercury was low, with a depression in the surface of the metal itself that was like emphasising the drop.

Our manner of launching the Janet was by means of a strong timber slipway that went in a pretty sharp declivity from the forefoot of the boat to some fathoms past low-water mark. There could be no better way of getting her water-borne. The sand was flat; there was little to be done with a heavy boat on such a platform, let us have laid what greased woods or rollers we chose under her keel. But from the elevation of her house she fled, when liberated, like a gull into the rage of the water, topping the tallest comber, and giving herself noble way in the teeth of the deadliest of inshore hurricanes.

As I stood at the head of this slipway, looking along it to where it buried itself in the dark and sickly green of the flowing heave of the sea, old Isaac Jordan came slowly away from the coastguard's man and saluted me in a voice that trembled under the burthen of eighty-five years. Such another quaint old figure as this might have been hunted for in vain the whole coast round. His eyes, deep-seated in his head, seemed to have been formed of agate, so stained and clouded were they by time, by weather, and, no doubt, by drink. His tall hat was bronzed with wear and exposure, the skin of his face lay like a cobweb upon his lineaments, and when he smiled he exhibited a single tobacco-stained tooth, which made one think of Deadlow Rock. Isaac did not belong to these parts, yet he had lived in the place for above half a century, having been brought ashore from a wreck in which he had been found, the only occupant, lying senseless upon the deck. When he was recovered he was without memory, and for five years could not have told his father's name nor the place he hailed from. When at last recollection returned to him he was satisfied to remain in the corner of this kingdom on which the ocean, so to speak, had cast him, and for fifty years he had never gone half a mile distant from the town unless seaward, and then never beyond the bay, where he would fish for his own feeding, or ply as a carrier between the shore and such ships as brought up.

"Good morning, Mr. Tregarthen," said he in the accent of Whitstable, which was his native place; "reckon there'll be some work afore ye if so be as this here muckiness ain't agoing to blow away," and here he turned up his marbled eyes to the sky in a sort of blind groping way.

"I never remember the like of such a morning as this, Isaac," said I, going down to him that I might not oblige him to strain his poor old trembling voice.

"Lard love ye!" he exclaimed; "scores and scores, Mr. Tregarthen. I recollect of just such another marning as this in forty-four; ay, an' an' uglier marning yet in thirty-three. That were the day when the Kingfisher went down and drowned all hands, saving the dawg."

"What's going to happen, d'ye think, Isaac?"

"A gale o' wind, master, but not yet. He's a bracing of himself up, and it'll be all day, I allow, afore he's ready"; and once again he cast up his agate-like eyes to the sky.

"What's the day o' the month, Sir?" he added with a little briskening up.

"October the 21st, isn't it?"

"Why, Gor bless me! yes, an' so it be!" he exclaimed, with a face whose expression was rendered spasmodic by an assumption of joyful thought. "The hanniversary of Trafalgar, as sure as my name's Isaac! On this day Lord Nelson was killed. Gor bless me! to think of it! I see him now," he continued, turning his eyes blindly upon my face. "There's nothen I forget about him. There's his sleeve

lying beautifully pimed agin his breast, and the fin of his decapitated arm avorking full of excitement within; there's his cocked hat drawed down ower the green shade as lies like a poor man's plaister upon his forehead; there's his one eye alooking through and through a man as though it were a bradawl, and t'other eye, said to be sightless, a-imitating of the seeing one till ye couldn't ha' told which was which for health. There was spunk in the werry wounds of that gent. He carried his losses as if they was gains. What a man! There ain't public-houses enough in this country," said he, "to drink to the memory of such a gentleman's health in. There ain't. That's my complaint, master. Not public-houses enough, I says, seeing what he did for this here Britain."

Though nobody in Tintrenale (as I choose to call the town) in the least degree believed that old Isaac had ever met Lord Nelson, despite his swearing that he was five years old at the time and that he could recollect his mother hoisting him up in her arms above the heads of the crowd to view the great Admiral—I say, though no man believed this old fellow, yet we all listened to his assurances, as though very willing to credit what he said. In truth, it pleased us to believe that there was a man in our little community who with his own eyes had beheld the famous Sailor, and we let the thing rest upon our minds as a sort of honourable tradition which we would not very willingly have disturbed. However, more went to this talk of Nelson in old Isaac than met the ear: it was, indeed, his way of asking for a drink, and, as he had little or nothing to live upon save what he could collect out of charity, I slipped a couple of shillings into his hand, for which he continued to God bless me till his voice failed him.

I held my gaze fixed upon the sky for some time, to gather, if possible, the direction in which the great swollen canopy of cloud was moving, that I might know from what quarter to expect the wind when it should arise; but the sullen greenish heaps of shadow hung over the land and sea as motionless as they were dumb. Not the least loose wing of scud was there to be seen moving. It was a wonderfully breathless heaven of tempestuous gloom, with the sea at its confines betwixt the two points of land looking to lift to it in its central part as though swelled, owing to the illusion of the line of livid shade there, and to a depression on either side caused by a smoky commingling of the atmosphere with the spaces of water.

While I stood surveying the murky scene, that was gradually growing more dim with an insensible thickening of the air, several drops of rain fell, each as large as a half-crown.

"Stand by now for a flash o' lightning," old Isaac cried, in his trembling voice: "wance them clouds is ripped up, all the water they hold'll tumble down and make room for the wind!"

But there was no lightning. The rain ceased. The stillness seemed to deepen to my hearing, with a fancy to my consciousness of a closer drawing together of the shadows overhead.

"T'ain't so werry warm, neither," said old Isaac; "and yet here be as true a tropic show as old Jamaiky herself could provide."

Every sound was startlingly distinct—the calls and cries of the fellows near the pier as they ran their boats up; the grit of the keels on the hard sand, like the noise of skates travelling on ice; the low organ-like hum of the larger surf beating upon the coast past Bishopnose Point; the rattle of vehicles in the stony streets behind me; the striking of a church bell—the hoarse bawling of a hawk crying fish: it was like the hush one reads of as happening before an earthquake, and I own to an emotion of awe and even of alarm as I stood listening and looking.

I hung about the boat-house for hard upon two hours, expecting every minute to see the white line of the wind sweeping across the sea into the bay; for by this time I had persuaded myself that what motion there was above was out of the westward; but in all that time the glass-smooth dark-green surface of the swell was never once tarnished by the smallest breathing of air. Only one particular that was absent before I now took notice of: I mean a strange, faint, salt smell, as of seaweed in corruption, a somewhat sickly odour of ooze. I had never tasted the like of it upon the atmosphere here; what it signified I could not imagine. One of my boat's crew, who had paused to exchange a few words with me about the weather, called it the smell of the storm, and said that it arose from a distant disturbance working through the sea through leagues and leagues, as the dews of the body are discharged through the pores of the skin.

This same man had walked up to the heights near to Hurricane Point to take a view of the ocean, and now told me there was nothing in sight, save just a gleam of sail away down in the north-west, almost swallowed up in the gloom. He was without a glass, and could tell me no more than that it was the canvas of a ship.

"Well," said I, "nothing, if it be not steam, is going to show itself in this amazing calm." And, saying this, I turned about and walked leisurely home.

We dined at one o'clock. We were but two, mother and son; and the little picture of that parlour arises before me as I write, bringing moisture to my eyes as I recall the dear, good, tender heart never more to be beheld by me in this world—as I see the white hair, the kindly aged face, the wistful looks fastened upon me, and hear the little sighs that would softly break from her when she turned her head to send a glance through the window at the dark malignant junction of sea and sky ruling the open between the points, and at the frequent flashing of the foam on those evil rocks grinning upon the heaving waters, away down to the southward. I could perceive that the memory of her dream lay upon her in a sort of shadow. Several times she directed her eyes from my face to the portrait of my father upon the wall opposite her. Yet she did not again refer to the dream. She talked of the ugly appearance of the sky, and asked what the men down about the pier thought of it.

"They are agreed that it is going to end in a gale of wind," I answered.

"There is no ship in the bay," said she, raising a pair of gold-rimmed glasses to her eyes and peering through the window.

"No," said I; "and the sea is bare, saving a single sail somewhere down in the north-west."

She smiled, as though to a piece of good news. There could be no summons for the life-boat, she knew, if the bay and the ocean beyond remained empty.

After dinner, while I sat smoking my pipe close against the fire—for the leaden colour in the air somehow made the atmosphere feel cold, though we were too far west for any touch of autumnal rawness just yet—and while my mother sat opposite me, poring through her glasses upon a local sheet that told the news of the district for the week past—the Rector of Tintrenale, the Rev. John Trembath, happening to pass our window, which was low-seated, looked in, and, spying the outline of my figure against the fire, tapped upon the glass, and I called to him to enter.

"Well, Mr. Coxswain," says he, "how is this weather going to end, pray? I hear there's a ship making for this bay."

"I hope not," says my mother, quietly.

"How far distant is she?" said I.

"Why," he answered, "I met old Roscorla just now. He was fresh from Bishopnose way, and told me that there was a square-rigged vessel coming along before a light air of wind out of the west, and apparently heading straight for this bight."

"She may shift her helm," said I, who, though no sailor, had yet some acquaintance with the terms of the sea; "there'll be no shelter for her here if it comes on to blow from the west."

"And that's where it is coming from," said Mr. Trembath.

"Oh for a little break of the sky, for one brief gleam of sunshine!" cried my mother suddenly, half starting from her chair as if to go to the window. "There is something in a day of this kind that depresses my heart as though sorrow were coming. Do you believe in dreams, Mr. Trembath?" and now I saw she was going to talk of her dream.

"No," said he, bluntly; "it is enough to believe in what is proper for our spiritual health. A dream never yet saved a soul."

"Do you think so?" said I. "Yet a man might get a hint in a vision, and in that way be preserved from doing a wrong."

"What was your dream?" said Mr. Trembath, rounding upon my mother; "for a dream you have had, and I see the recollection of it working in your face as you look at me."

She repeated her dream to him.

"Tut! tut!" cried he, "a little attack of indigestion. A small glass of your excellent cherry brandy would have corrected all these crudities of your slumbering imagination."

Well, after an idle chat of ten minutes, which yet gave the worthy clergyman time enough to drink to us in a glass of that cherry brandy which he had recommended to my mother, he went away, and shortly afterwards I walked down to the pier to catch a sight of the ship. In all these hours there had been no change whatever in the aspect of the weather. The sky of dark cloud wore the same swollen, moist, and scowling appearance it had carried since the early morn, but the tufted thunder-coloured heaps of vapour had been smoothed out or absorbed by the gathering thickness which made the atmosphere so dark that, though it was scarcely three o'clock in the afternoon, you would have supposed the sun had set. The swell had increased; it was now rolling into the bay with weight and volume, and there was a small roaring noise in the surf already, and a deeper note yet in the sound of it where it boiled seawards past the points. A light air was blowing, but as yet the water was merely brushed by it into wrinkles which put a new dye into the colour of the ocean—a kind of inky green—I do not know how to convey it. Every glance of foam upon the Twins or Deadlow Rock was like a flash of white fire, so sombre was the surface upon which it played.

Hurricane Point shut out the view of the sea in the north-west, even from the pierhead, and the ship was not to be seen. There was a group of watermen on the look-out, one or two of them members of the life-boat crew, and among these fellows was old Isaac Jordan, who, as I might easily guess, had drunk out my two shillings. He wore a yellow sou'-wester over his long iron-grey hair, and he lurched from one man to another, with his arm extended and his fingers clawing the air, arguing in the shrill voice of old age, thickened by the drams he had swallowed.

"I tell 'ee there's going to be a airthquake," he was crying as I approached. "I recollects the likes of this weather in eighteen hunderd an' eighteen, and there was a quake at midnight that caused the folks at Faversham to git out of their beds and run into the street; twor felt at Whitstable, and turned the beer o' th' place sour. Stand by for a airthquake, I says. Here's Mr. Tregarthen, a scholar. The likes of me, as is old enough to be grandad to the oldest of ye all, may rason with a scholar and be satisfied to be put right if so be as he's wrong, when such scowbankers as you a'n't to be condescended to outside the giving of the truth to ye. And so I says. Mr. Tregarthen"

But I quietly put him aside.

"No more money for you, Isaac," said I, "so far as my purse is concerned, until you turn teetotaler. It is enough to make one blush for one's species to see so old a man"

"Mr. Tregarthen," he interrupted, "you're a gin'man, ain't ye? What have I 'ad? Is a drop o' milk and water going to make ye blush for a man?"

Some of the fellows laughed.

"And how often," he continued, "is the hanniversary of the battle o' Trafalgar agoing to come round in a year? Twenty-voorst of October to-day is, and I see him now, Mr. Tregarthen, as I see you—his right fin agoing, his horders upon his breast"

"Here, come you along with me, Isaac!" exclaimed one of the men, and, seizing the old fellow by the arm, he bore him off.

(To be continued.)

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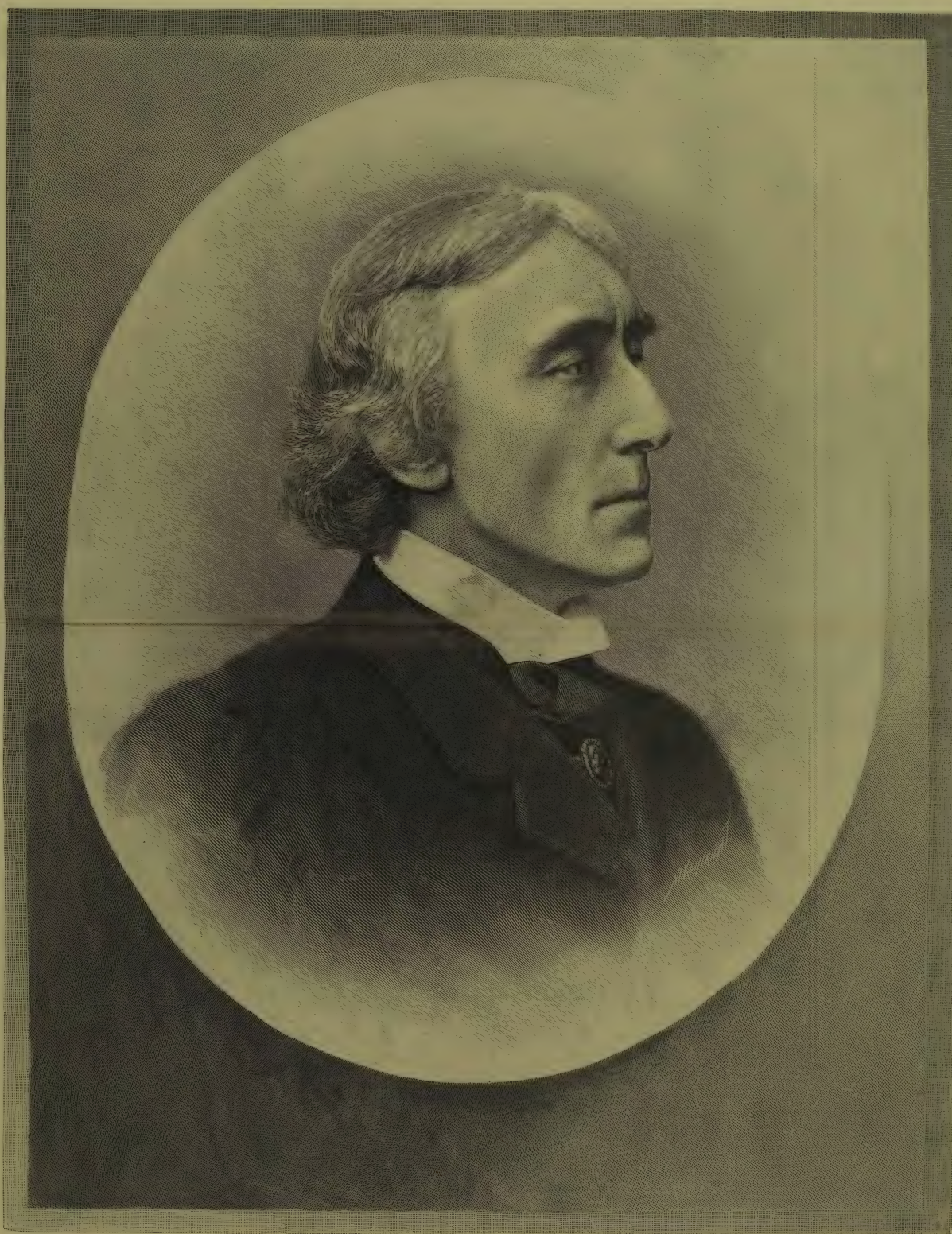
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MEN OF THE DAY.

MR. HENRY IRVING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDON AND GROVE, 61A, BAKER STREET, W.

HENRY IRVING.

The man whose Portrait we publish to-day has for many years held a unique position in public life. His career is as familiar to the world as that of any eminent statesman. Almost as much has been written about him as of the makers of our political history. In any representative gathering of distinguished Englishmen he would hold a prominent place. His opinion upon public questions is sought as eagerly as if he were a legislator of exceptional force and influence. Society has long regarded him as one of its peculiar ornaments. Yet he belongs to a profession which is described in certain ancient statutes as vagabondage, and threatened with disagreeable penalties. Speaking at some municipal feast in Scotland a few years ago, Mr. Irving remarked that once upon a time it would have been the duty of his host, the Provost, to provide him with a very different entertainment. To-day the head of the calling which not so long ago was regarded by a very large section of the community with, at the best, good-natured tolerance, and, at the worst, with fierce antipathy, takes his place as one of the most honoured of our public men.

That Mr. Irving has himself done very much to effect this change in the social position of actors will scarcely be disputed. He has done it not so much by his individual gifts, great as they are, as by his conspicuous devotion to his art, by his scrupulous rejection of all the coarser elements in the work of the stage, by his unflagging ambition to give us the drama at its best, and to hold the mirror up not only to nature but also to the sister arts, which make a harmonious escort for the dramatic muse. He has been blamed by some, no doubt, for sacrificing, as they think, the essential claims of acting to the requirements of theatrical exhibitions. A critic remarked not long ago that for processions, for all the graceful artifices of pageantry, for ingenious devices of scenery, for all the glamour, in short, that surrounds a manager of marked taste and boundless liberality, the Lyceum was deservedly famous. It was left to be inferred that for the genuine art of acting that theatre, under Mr. Irving's management, had done comparatively nothing. On this there are two things to be said. In the first place, Mr. Irving has not, as some reproachful purists assert, pandered to a popular love of show. He has acted on a principle to which he clings with characteristic tenacity. He deliberately invests the drama with beautiful and appropriate accessories. It is a rooted conviction in his mind that it is his business as an artist to give to a scene in Shakespeare the most perfect *vraisemblance* to the eye. Hence a play at the Lyceum is an artistic education. It attracts people who may not care for it overmuch in a dramatic sense. "They go to see the scenery" is supposed to be a reproach to the acting. On the contrary, it is a simple assertion of the fact that some playgoers are better able to appreciate the pictorial form of the presentation than the dramatic, for the reason that the capacity to enter thoroughly into the actor's art is denied to them, or conferred in a very limited degree. It would simplify a good many discussions about the stage if it were admitted that the amount of real dramatic appreciation in any given audience is comparatively limited.

But, so far from subordinating the actor's side of his work to the scenic side, Mr. Irving, of all the managers that ever lived, is probably the most untrifling in his efforts to make the play as vivid to the mind as to the vision. On the stage he is an autocrat, but he spares neither himself nor others. The production of a piece takes shape in his mind as an harmonious whole, and extraordinary labour is bestowed on the realisation of this conception. No actor who has worked at the Lyceum will accuse Mr. Irving of treating the art of acting as a secondary consideration. It is not only a new play that is rehearsed to the uttermost shadow of a detail. Pieces which the company have played for years Mr. Irving takes in hand with all the relish of novelty. One fine morning there is a call for, let us say, "Much Ado About Nothing." Some of the actors already know the text backwards and the business blindfold, but presently they are whispering to one another, "What did you say is the name of the new comedy?" For Mr. Irving is overflowing with fresh ideas; new effects are introduced, or the rust brushed off the old ones; everybody has the sensation of having been taken to pieces and put together again, and when you see the play in the evening you are struck by the life and alertness of the whole performance. It is this incessant vitality, this constant adjustment of light and shade, which make the work of the Lyceum company a model of stage illusion.

In the production of a play Mr. Irving illustrates in a rare degree the difference between a manager who is an artist and the manager who is a speculator. The one is absorbed in his enterprise, regardless of either labour or expense; the other inquires before all things, "What will it cost?" Yet it is not always lavish expenditure which produces the particular effect desired by the artist's eye. One of the observances at the Lyceum is a grand review of costumes before the first night. The players file before the manager, and presently a dress on which goodness knows how much has been spent fixes his attention. "This won't do," is the emphatic comment. Then Mr. Irving bethinks him of a garment which has done the State so much service that it is decidedly the worse for wear. Relatively, its value is about half a crown, but it makes the harmony in the picture, and so the costly dress is discarded, and sent to languish in the wardrobe till its hour arrives. Sometimes there is a little colloquy like this: "That's a capital wig of yours." "Yes, Sir, very good wig." "The collar, too, looks uncommonly well." The actor takes a side-glance at himself in the glass, and feels happy. "First-rate boots, I see." There is a look of conscious pride at the boots. "And those gloves couldn't be better." Up go the hands in triumph. "Your whole appearance is excellent, my boy." "Thank you, Sir." "But it won't do for this play!"

As an actor, Mr. Irving's reputation is so great that there is probably little left to add to it. Despite the peculiarities which used to be the stock-in-trade of the whole race of mimics, he is a many-sided man. Opinions may differ as to his success in certain parts, but no one will deny the extraordinary range of his powers. Mathias, Richelieu, Benedick, Shylock, Dr. Primrose, Hamlet, touch widely divergent points in the dramatic scale, yet, although we see the same man in each of them, their personalities are made perfectly distinct in our memory. You recall not some burst of passion in a particular scene, but a whole host of impressions which make-up a complete and individual embodiment. This is what the critic really means who calls Mr. Irving "a character actor." Impersonator is a more accurate term. Even when his execution is inadequate this artist contrives to body forth a conception which remains in your mind because his insight rarely fails him. Some characters he has made to live and move with all the force of actuality; to others he has given, if not the fulness of life, at all events a new significance. Even in his failures there is a potent suggestion of intelligence frequently lacking in the rhetorical successes of some well-graced performers. Probably none of Mr. Irving's great predecessors ever brought such a subtle intellect to their work, however they may have excelled in tragic force. It is the variety of this intellectual power which has enabled Mr.

Irving to traverse so wide a field, and to stamp everything he does with an authority which has few examples in theatrical history.

The public are not ungrateful for such services as these, and it says something for the popular sense of truly artistic aims that Mr. Irving has been successfully associated with the Lyceum for nearly twenty years, and that the prestige of his management of that theatre since 1878 has made it a national institution. He once said, with an undertone of personal regret, that when the actor becomes a manager he must to some extent sacrifice his artistic sense. Yet the artist was supreme when he produced "Werner" at a great cost for a benefit performance, and lavished on it all the skill and resource he would have employed had he wished it to run for a year. Another secret of Mr. Irving's success is that he is eminently a man of affairs; while his social influence is chiefly due to a fine appreciation of the dignities and courtesies of life. In how many households the name of Henry Irving is gratefully cherished by young and old for acts of simple kindness which he has forgotten no one will ever know; nor is it possible to define the peculiar fascination which he exercises over all around him, and which age cannot wither nor custom stale.

L. F. A.

WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE AT GRASMERE.

The English Lake region of Cumberland and Westmorland is hallowed by abiding reminiscences of our meditative, idyllic, and lyrical poets who there made their homes, in the early part of this century, to enjoy the tranquil air of delightful studies, amid pastoral mountain and moorland scenery, with "the peace that is among the lonely hills." Wordsworth's later life is associated with Rydal Mount; but it was at Grasmere, about three miles to the north-west, that he resided from 1799 to 1808, where some of the most original efforts of his muse took shape in verse. The two small lakes, Grasmere and Rydal Water, though excelled by others in beauty and grandeur, are most



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE, THE HOME OF WORDSWORTH FROM 1799 TO 1808.

characteristic of this region; they might be fancied the very eyes of the country, they are so expressive of its sweet charm of sheltered rural domesticity. The little village, named after its lake, near the high road from Windermere to Keswick, has a plain, massive, old parish church, with a quiet churchyard beside the murmuring stream of the Rothay, containing the grave with a simple tombstone of slate, inscribed "William Wordsworth, died 1851." Dove Cottage, in which he lived eight years, the modest lime-washed building shown in our Illustration, with its garden where he brooded over genial thoughts of Man and Nature, has recently been purchased by a committee of subscribers intending to secure its preservation, under an appointed caretaker, as a public trust property. They want about £200 more to complete the undertaking. The treasurer is Mr. George Lillie Craik, of the firm of Macmillan and Co., publishers, 29, Bedford-street, Covent-garden. Contributions are requested: it will be a graceful way of presenting a New Year's Gift to the nation.

NEW POSTAL RATES.

From Jan. 1 the postage to be prepaid on letters between Great Britain and India is 2½d. the half-ounce, instead of 5d. as hitherto. This reduction has also been applied to letters between this country and the undermentioned Colonies: The Australasian Colonies—viz.: New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, Western Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Fiji, and British New Guinea. Mauritius and its Dependencies—viz.: The Seychelles, Diego Garcia (Chagos Islands), &c. Hong Kong, Ceylon, Straits Settlements, British North Borneo, Labuan, Sarawak, Cape Colony, Natal, St. Helena, Ascension, Sierra Leone, Lagos, Gold Coast, and Gambia. The British West Indies—viz.: Barbados, Trinidad, Tobago, Jamaica, Turks Islands, British Guiana, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, Nevis, Montserrat, St. Kitt's, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent, Falkland Islands and British Honduras. The reduced postage will be applicable to all routes except in the case of the Cape and Natal. The rate for postcards to Australasia, New Zealand, Fiji, and British New Guinea by any route will be 2d. In regard to the rest of the colonies named, and to India, there will be no change in the postcard rate; and no alteration will take place in the postage to be prepaid upon newspapers, books, and patterns. Unpaid and insufficiently paid correspondence will henceforth merely be treated upon the inland letter plan of doubling the deficiency; and the system of fines which obtains in the Cape Colony and elsewhere will be abolished. The letter rate to Cape Colony and Natal will be—by all-sea route, 2½d. the half-ounce; via Lisbon, 4½d. the half-ounce. To St. Helena and Ascension—by all-sea route, 2½d. the half-ounce. To Transvaal, Orange Free State, and British Bechuanaland—by all-sea route, 4d. the half-ounce; via Lisbon, 6d. the half-ounce.

Or and after Jan. 1 postcards may be sent to Natal, either by the sea route or via Lisbon. The postage will be—1½d. per card by the sea route, and 2d. per card via Lisbon. In the absence of any special superscription, the amount of postage prepaid will be taken as indicating the route by which a card is meant to go. Any ordinary inland postcard may be used provided always that the additional charge is completed by means of adhesive postage-stamps. It may be added that British North Borneo has entered the Postal Union, and prepaid correspondence for that territory will henceforward be subject to the following rates of postage: Letters, 2½d. per half-ounce; postcards (via Brindisi), single 2d. each, reply 4d. each; postcards (by French packet), single 1½d. each, reply 3d. each; newspapers, 1½d. per four ounces for each newspaper; printed papers and patterns (via Brindisi), 1½d. per two ounces; printed papers and patterns (by French packet), 1d. per two ounces; commercial papers the same as for printed papers, except that the minimum charge will be 2½d.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE SHOPPING IN NEW YORK.

Without assuming that Christendom generally is less inclined, in this generation, to cherish the hallowed religious anniversary of December 25—or that the Christmas festival, especially in Protestant Germany and England, is hailed with less popular gladness, both as the season of family meetings and merry social greetings, and as a commemoration of the human birth of incarnate Divine Goodness—we understand that New-Year's Day, as in Scotland, so likewise in America, is an occasion rather more important from the secular point of view. This may be partly ascribed to the Puritan founders of New England, like the Scottish Presbyterians, having scrupled, in the seventeenth century, to join in special festivities originally promoted by the Catholic Church in celebration of a grand date in the ecclesiastical Calendar, as we learn from Hudibras that some of them would even—

Quarrel with mincepies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.

It is a fact that the majority of people in Scotland do not keep Christmas in the orthodox English fashion, but there is no great asceticism in their celebration of New-Year's Eve, when friendly parties go round till midnight, calling at the houses of their acquaintance, to pledge their good wishes of health and happiness with frequent sips of whisky. New York, which has never, like Boston, been a Puritan city, admiring French social fashions, has adopted that of making the "Jour de l'An," more imperatively than we do, the day of expectation for "étrennes," or periodical gifts to children and ladies, whom it is the duty of mankind to gratify with tokens of affectionate regard. The shopping in New York, for the special purchase of suitable New-Year's gifts, is a considerable business, in which the boys and girls, who mean to give something, are actively engaged. Our Artist has sketched a pleasant street scene of this character, which smiles on us from beyond the Atlantic, and we sympathise with its cheerful spirit.

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES IN JANUARY.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

The Moon is near Venus on the mornings of the 6th and 7th, being situated to the right of Venus on the 6th, and to the left on the 7th. She is near Mercury on the 10th, but this is the day of New Moon. She is near Jupiter on the evening of the 12th, being a little below and to the left of the planet. She is near Mars on the evening of the 14th, the planet being north of and to the right of the Moon. She is near Saturn during the nights of the 27th and 28th; on the 27th she is a little to the right of the planet, but a good deal higher in the heavens; on the 28th the planet rises at 7h 59m p.m., and the Moon at 8h 21m; the Moon is to the left of the planet, the distance between them increasing as the night advances. The Moon is due south on the morning of the 28th at 2h 32m a.m., and the planet 13 minutes later. Her phases or times of change are—

Last Quarter on the	3rd at 12 minutes	after 10h	In the morning.
New Moon	" 10th "	" 25 "	" 3 " afternoon.
First Quarter	" 17th "	" 18 "	" 6 " morning.
Full Moon	" 24th "	" 25 "	midnight.

She is nearest to the Earth on the 12th, and most distant on the 27th.

Mercury is an evening star, setting on the 1st at 5h 35m p.m., or 1h 35m after the Sun; on the 6th, at 5h 26m p.m., or 1h 20m after the Sun; on the 11th, at 4h 53m p.m., or 41 minutes after the Sun; on the 14th, Mercury sets at 4h 25m p.m., or 8 minutes after the Sun; and on the 15th at about the same time as the Sun. He rises on the 14th at 7h 35m a.m., or 27 minutes before the Sun; on the 16th, at 7h 17m a.m., or 43 minutes before sunrise; on the 22nd at 6h 38m a.m., or 1h 16m before sunrise; on the 27th at 6h 23m a.m., or 1h 26m before the Sun; and on the 31st at 6h 20m a.m., or 1h 23m before the Sun. He is in ascending node and stationary among the stars on the 3rd, in perihelion on the 7th, near the Moon on the 10th, in inferior conjunction with the Sun on the 13th, and stationary among the stars again at midnight on the 24th.

Venus rises on the 1st at 5h 0m a.m., or 3h 8m before the Sun; on the 12th at 4h 41m a.m., or 3h 23m before the Sun; on the 22nd at 4h 35m a.m., or 3h 19m before the Sun; and on the 31st at 4h 37m a.m., or 3h 6m before the Sun. She is near the Moon on the 7th, at her greatest brilliancy on the 8th, and in perihelion on the same day.

Mars is due south on the 1st at 4h 10m p.m., and sets on the 1st at 9h 33m p.m., on the 11th at 9h 36m p.m., on the 21st at 9h 39m p.m., and on the 31st at 9h 44m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 14th.

Jupiter sets on the 1st at 6h 59m p.m., or 2h 59m after the Sun; on the 11th at 6h 32m p.m., or 2h 20m after the Sun; on the 21st at 6h 5m p.m., or 1h 37m after the Sun; and on the 31st at 5h 4m p.m., or 18 minutes after the Sun. He is near the Moon on the 12th.

Saturn rises on the 1st at 9h 51m p.m., on the 11th at 9h 11m p.m., on the 21st at 8h 29m a.m., and on the 31st at 7h 47m p.m. He is due south on the second day at 4h 30m a.m., on the 12th at 3h 50m a.m., on the 22nd at 3h 3m a.m., and on the morning of the last day at 2h 32m a.m. He sets in daylight throughout the month. He is near the Moon on the 28th.

ECLIPSES IN THE YEAR 1891.

(From the Illustrated London Almanack.)

In the year 1891 there will be four Eclipses—two of the Sun, and two of the Moon.

May 23. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, visible as a partial Eclipse. The Eclipse begins at 41 minutes after 4h p.m., Greenwich time, the beginning of Total Eclipse at 50 minutes after 5h p.m.; the middle of the Eclipse will be at 29 minutes after 6h; the end of the Total Eclipse will be at 9 minutes after 7h p.m., and the Eclipse will end at 17 minutes after 8h p.m.; the Moon at London will rise at 7h 56m, only 21 minutes before the end.

June 6. An Annular Eclipse of the Sun, visible here as a partial Eclipse. At London the Eclipse begins at 2 minutes after 5h p.m., the middle will be at 47 minutes after 5h, and it ends at 24 minutes after 6h p.m., Greenwich mean time. At Liverpool it begins at 45 minutes after 4h p.m., the middle at 33 minutes after 5h p.m.; and it ends at 10 minutes after 6h p.m., Liverpool mean time. At Edinburgh the Eclipse begins at 36 minutes after 4h p.m.; the greatest phase at 26 minutes after 5h p.m.; and it ends at 9 minutes after 6h p.m., Edinburgh mean time. At Dublin the Eclipse begins at 31 minutes after 4h p.m.; the greatest phase at 18 minutes after 5h p.m.; and it ends at 55 minutes after 5h p.m., Dublin mean time. At the time of the middle of the Eclipse, about one quarter of the Sun's diameter will be obscured. This Eclipse will be visible from the Atlantic Ocean and North America.

Nov. 15 and 16. A Total Eclipse of the Moon, visible from here. The Eclipse begins at 35 minutes after 10h p.m. on the 15th; the beginnings of the total phase will be at 37 minutes after 11h p.m.; the Moon is due south at 44 minutes after 11h; the middle of the Eclipse will be at 19 minutes after midnight; the end of total phase will be at 1h on the morning of the 16th; and the Eclipse will end at 3 minutes after 2h a.m.

Dec. 1. A Partial Eclipse of the Sun, not visible here. It begins in longitude 75° deg. west of Greenwich in south latitude 35° deg. at 44 minutes after 9h a.m., Greenwich mean time, and ends in longitude 110 deg. east of Greenwich in south latitude 69 deg. at 18 minutes after 1h p.m., Greenwich mean time.

Dr. Koch, who is suffering a little from the effects of over-work, is spending a fortnight's holiday in the Hartz Mountains. Just before leaving Berlin he was visited by an English doctor, who begged him, in the interests of humanity, to publish the details of the discovery. Dr. Koch replied that he had confided it to the Prussian Government, and would abide its decision as to the manner in which it should be dealt with.

The Hungarian Government is about to attempt a very interesting social experiment. As it has been found that the phylloxera does not attack vines growing in a sandy soil, it has been decided to plant with vines the so-called Deliblat sand region between Deliblat and the Danube, and to establish there 3000 families of vine-dressers. Huts will be constructed for these colonists at Government expense, and each family will receive an allowance of 140 florins a year until the vine products become remunerative. A railway will also be constructed from the vineyards to Verschitz, where the cellars of the Deliblat vines are to be kept. The new colony is to be called Fejerválya, in honour of M. Fejer, the Secretary of State, with whom the idea of this enterprise originated.



SHOPPING IN NEW YORK ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA: VOYAGE OF THE BISCAYA.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



TRANSHIPPING CARGO TO THE RIVER STEAMER AT KARAOL, ON THE YENISEI.



A FLOATING FARMYARD ON BOARD THE RIVER STEAMER AT KARAOL.

FROM THE THAMES TO SIBERIA.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON BOARD THE BISCAYA

Mr. Julius M. Price, our Special Artist, who was on board the steamer Biscaya in the expedition of July, August, and September, from the Port of London round the North Cape into the Arctic Ocean, and through the straits south of Nova Zemla to the Kara Sea, thence entering the Yenisei River, continues his interesting narrative, which refers to the subject of two further sketches published this week. It was on Aug. 17, after twenty-nine days' voyage from the Thames, with some delay from blocking-up ice-drifts in the Kara Sea, that the Biscaya arrived safely at Karaoul, in the estuary of the Yenisei; this place is only a one-house station, kept up by the Russian merchant Kitmanoff, for the purpose of trading with the Samoyede natives. Higher up the river, a hundred and fifty miles from the sea, though even here the Yenisei is eight miles wide, stands the small trading settlement of Kasanskoi, which our Artist visited, and where his letter of Sept. 11 was dated. The river is navigable, for barges, all the way up to Yeniseisk, a town of 8000 inhabitants, the capital of the province, and to Krasnoïarsk, a town rather larger, in a fertile district. In the summer months the aspect of the country along this river is pleasant, with fine meadows and luxuriant vegetation; the islands form beautiful scenery.

The Yenisei, one of the greatest rivers on the globe, has a total course of 2600 miles; and the waters of its eastern tributary, the Selenga-Angara, from the Chinese frontier, flow 3300 miles to the sea. Much of this vast region is probably as suitable for colonisation as the north-western territory of the Canadian Dominion, and may abound with mineral wealth. But in winter, for eight months, north of the broad belt of woodlands, on the immense swampy plains called the "tundras," inhabited by the native Samoyedes, the ground is covered with snow; the cold blasts of wind are terrible, as the climate is affected by the ice of the Arctic Ocean, though in the same latitudes with the comparatively warm west coast of Norway. Our cold east wind, in England, is due to Siberia, traversing the width of both Continents, Asia and Europe, overland as far as the coast of Holland, across a hundred degrees of longitude, while our winds from the Atlantic, tempered by the Gulf Stream, are usually warm, except when icebergs descend to the banks of Newfoundland.

On arriving at Karaoul, it was stated in a former letter, the Biscaya had to wait some days for the smaller companion steamer, the Phoenix, which had been sent on in advance to ascend the river and tow some laden barges down bringing Siberian merchandise from Yeniseisk. Other barges had been left at Kasanskoi. With this explanation, the following extracts from our Artist's letter of Sept. 11 will here suffice: "The Phoenix returned in about ten days, and to our great satisfaction was accompanied by the two vessels she had gone in search of—the Thule, a small steamer of 400 tons, and the small tug she had towed out from England. Never before had such a flotilla been seen on the river Yenisei; the only pity was that there was no one but ourselves to see it. So far, the expedition, with the exception of a few unavoidable delays, had gone without a hitch. It was quite a treat getting something in the shape of news, such as it was, and all the papers brought by the Thule were devoured as eagerly as though they were of the previous day instead of seven weeks old. The only thing now was to get the cargoes transferred to the barges as quickly as possible, for the season showed unmistakable signs of being but a short one this year, and it was imperative that the two ships should get out of the Kara Sea on their way back to England before the winter came on. As if to emphasise the admonition the thermometer had given us, the lovely weather suddenly broke up, so, to our great astonishment, one morning we woke up to find a couple of inches of snow on the ground, and everything already looking very wintry, although it was only Sept. 2. Everyone, therefore, set to work with almost feverish haste, so great a fear does the awful Arctic winter inspire.

"The scene during this work of transshipping our cargo was one of surprising novelty. The barges intended for the reception of cattle, pigs, and poultry were temporarily turned into a sort of floating farmyard. The Siberians evidently did not intend to forget provision for the wants of the inner man during their long voyage up the river. In stowing the cargo, all had to work against time, for every hour of summer in these regions is of the utmost importance. Here, too, was already present the inevitable Russian official, personified by one of the most charming men I ever met, with his two attendant Cossacks, prompt to scrutinise each package of the Biscaya's cargo. Indeed, for this purpose they had been purposely sent down some 1500 miles, on board the river steamer Phoenix, to meet us; for such is the vigilance of the Czar's officials, even at this remote distance from the central seat of Government.

"For us, meantime, who were spectators of the operations, the days were so much like each other that it was at times difficult to remember what day of the week it was. It was too cold and wretched to even think of going ashore, so there was nothing for it but to while away the time as best we could, and wait events. Every morning the question was asked, "When shall we get out of this?" for we were all getting heartily sick of our prolonged inactivity—eight weeks since we left London, and still a month of dreary river journey before us ere we reach our destination, Yeniseisk. However, *tout vient à point à qui sait attendre*, and at last came the welcome news that the ships were at length ready to start for England, and that we were to transfer ourselves and luggage to the Phoenix in readiness for the river journey. Still, there was a mingled feeling of regret as we bid farewell to the good ship Biscaya, which had carried us through so many miles of strange waters, and in spite of cramped accommodation had given us opportunities of real good-fellowship on board.—JULIUS M. PRICE."

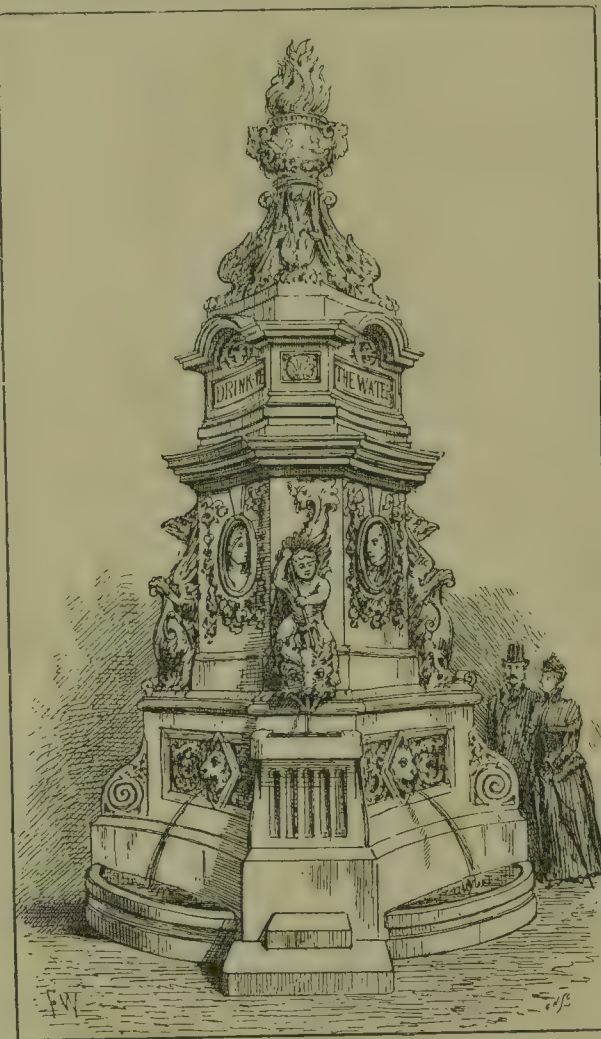
(To be continued.)

A certain Madame Fleuriot, of Bulle, Canton Friburg, who died a few days ago, left her paintings, the finest collection in Switzerland, to M. Révillon. This gentleman died five hours after her at Cairo, leaving all his pictures and curiosities to Geneva. Both collections will thus become the property of the Genevese municipality.

At a conference of Head Masters of public schools, held last week at Oxford, Dr. Welldon, of Harrow, brought forward a resolution "That in the opinion of this conference it would be a gain to education if Greek were not a compulsory subject in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge." The proposition would have met with little sympathy from the scholars of an earlier generation, but the exigencies of modern life render a change inevitable sooner or later, and, indeed, the proposal was supported by the Head Masters of Marlborough, Wellington, Rugby, Clifton, and Shrewsbury, and was lost by only two votes. According to Mr. Welldon's statistics, out of 20,418 boys at present at public schools, 10,459 are not learning Greek, and all that the Universities have to offer in the way of refining influence and scientific knowledge is thus denied to the majority of public schoolboys.

THE HAWARDEN MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN.

The fiftieth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's wedding was on July 25, 1889, since which time the parishioners of Hawarden considered the desirability of erecting a suitable memorial of the occasion. A committee of gentlemen decided in favour of erecting a fountain. Several designs from competitors were put at their disposal, resulting in the selection of one by Mr. E. Griffith, sculptor, of Chester, who has now brought the work to completion. The structure is of solid masonry; several large blocks of stone, averaging two tons each in weight, forming the basement. The plan is circular, 11 ft. in diameter. It occupies a position in the centre of the village, at the junction of the Chester, Wrexham, and Connah's Quay roads. The site being of an angular shape, the design is angular in plan, from the centre of the circle upwards. This affords space for two troughs for cattle on the principal roads, and one fountain for the people to draw their water. The plinth from the troughs is relieved by carved panels, with lions' heads in the centre, to form water jets and to supply the troughs. Above these is a moulded string-course dividing the lower basement from the middle section, which contains sculpture of a dolphin and nude child, larger than life, "Triopas, or Young Neptune," who is guiding the dolphin with his trident entwined with seaweed. The dolphin also serves for the water-jet for the basin below. On the two opposite angles are sculptured the arms of the Glynne and Gladstone families in low relief, with the motto "Fide et Virtute." In the spaces between are portrait medallions of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone carved in yellow magnesian limestone,



FOUNTAIN AT HAWARDEN, TO COMMEMORATE THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE.

surrounded with festoons of flowers. Above a boldly moulded cornice is the upper portion, which displays the inscription, carved in panels, "Drink ye the Water of Life." Above these words is a tripod, richly festooned with the sacred flowers of marriage, the whole terminating with the Hymeneal flame. The structure from the ground stands upwards of 21 ft. in height. On Monday, Dec. 29, Mr. Gladstone's eighty-first birthday, it was uncovered, in the presence of himself and his wife.

The ancient custom of the serving of a boar's head at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas Day, was observed as usual. A massive head, weighing 70 lb., had been prepared by the College mangle, and this was carried on a massive silver dish, and "bedecked with bays and rosemary," upon the shoulders of four serving-men, the choristers, under the direction of Dr. Plumridge, singing the boar's-head carol.

The sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral on Christmas morning was preached by Canon Paget, Canon Gregory, the new Dean, taking part in the service. The altar, the pulpit and lectern, and the pillars under the dome were decorated with evergreens. In praising a "frank, courageous, sober hopefulness which faces facts," Canon Gregory instanced the teaching and life of the late Dean Church. No one ever could have called him sanguine; but throughout all the manifold anxieties of our day he never stood with the faint-hearted or despondent. God gave him courage and sincerity and strength to look steadily at all that was threatening, disheartening, and perilous. He took to heart the things that make it hard for us to hope; but through them all, above them all, he saw the goodness of Almighty God—the light shining in the darkness—and he dared not hesitate to hope.

According to the latest returns supplied to the Local Government Board from the various parishes and unions in the Metropolis dealing with the number of poor chargeable to the rates, there has been a very considerable diminution of pauperism during the past year. Not only is there a falling off when the subject is considered relatively to the growth of population, but there is an actual falling off in numbers year by year, and this in face of the fact that London increases in population by some 70,000 a year, and that in this increase is included many of the very poor from other lands. The London pauperism of 1890 was less by some thousands than that of 1889. The contrast between 1887 and 1890 is still more marked, as, including vagrants and lunatics, there were nearly 8000 less of the "legal poor" in the latter year than in the former, and this in spite of the fact that since Christmas 1887 there have been some 210,000 persons added to the population of London.

GREAT BOOKS.

It is a familiar saying that the popularity of a book affords no certain test of its greatness. Some of the best books are popular, while others, equal or superior in worth, have little interest for the ordinary reader. Yet the author who is respected but not read may have an immense sway over minds capable of appreciating him, and may thus become, at second-hand, a living power among men wholly ignorant of his works. It is oftentimes no fault of a man of genius that his thoughts fail to have a direct influence. The delicate fruit of a meditative life cannot be enjoyed by every palate: it is "caviare to the general." One needs, if I may so express it, to live up to some books as well as to think up to them. How could the licentious Court of Charles II. appreciate the divine purity of "Comus," or the grace and loveliness of Shakespeare's women? and how could a ribald infidel of the Tom Paine school breathe in the atmosphere of "De Imitatione Christi," or understand the weighty argument of Butler's "Analogy"? There are other reasons why great writers have to be content with a fit audience. A thousand dwarfs may be more than a match for a hundred giants, and in literature small authors crowd the giants out of the field. As readers grow in number there will ever be an increasing demand for books that can be enjoyed without effort. An insatiable appetite for amusement will cry out, more loudly year by year, for the food it craves, and in amplest measure that food will be provided. It may be—in this country there is every probability that it will be—thoroughly wholesome, but it is to be feared that a literature designed for the million will tend to obliterate great books. Competitive examinations are no doubt of some service to literature, and yet the knowledge gained or "crammed" for a special purpose rarely enables the student to appreciate a great author.

Great books, it is almost needless to say, are not necessarily big books. You may have "infinite riches in a little room": a deathless poem may go into a waistcoat pocket, and so may Bacon's essays. The most famous writers, however—and Bacon himself is one of them—are generally prolific. They demand ample space and, on the part of their readers, ample time. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" is not to be read in a winter evening, neither is Clarendon's "History of the Great Rebellion." Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott, Jeremy Taylor and Milton, Spenser and Wordsworth, are like swift and deep rivers that overflow their banks. Fecundity, however, is not a special characteristic of great writers. There is many a small author whose capacity of production seems exhaustless. He writes probably to live, and assuredly he lives to write. Whole shelves groan under the solid weight of his books, and readers yawn over them. They exist, but they do not live. Prynne, a violent Puritan who was cruelly tortured with the sanction of Laud, wrote nearly two hundred works, which might be read if life were as long as in the days of Methuselah; and there are living writers of exhaustless industry for whom it is our kindest wish that they may outlive the reputation of their works.

A great book is a rare product, and always will be. The excessive activity of a literary age may add to the number of highly cultured authors without adding much to the list of authors who are destined to live. Who can say how many or how few immortals we have among us at the present time? Your darling author, dear young lady, may be forgotten or despised by you in five years, and the brilliant speculative writer who, in your student-brother's opinion, solves the deepest mysteries of life, or perhaps proves that life has none, may be dethroned from his pedestal within a briefer period of time. There are books of the day which have a great attraction for the young while they are young, which for another generation of youthful readers will lose all their charm and meaning:—

He taught us little, but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll,

Matthew Arnold sang of Byron; but what youthful reader of our day has felt the spell which led Carlyle to call Byron the "noblest spirit in Europe," and Carlyle's future wife to write, upon hearing of the poet's death?—"I was told it all in a room full of people. If they had said the sun or the moon was gone out of the heavens, it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank in the creation than the words 'Byron is dead.'"

It is difficult to define greatness in a man or in a book, but in neither case is it always necessary to wait for the verdict of Time. "Paradise Lost" was a sufficient testimony to Milton's greatness, even in his own century; and in ours we discern it in men of action like Wellington and Gordon, like Abraham Lincoln and Livingstone, and, without mentioning living names, in men of letters like Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Scott. That Sir Walter, "the whole world's darling," was greater in life even than in literature is attested, we think, by the recent publication of his "Journal," and never was Carlyle's pen put to a more unworthy purpose than in decrying the greatest of his countrymen. And yet, how unjust and ungracious it would be not to accord some greatness also to the Chelsea sage! The world, it has been said, knows nothing of its greatest men, and there may be truth in the saying. With equal truth it may be said that the world knows little of its greatest books. They are talked about, but not read, or read, perchance—and "this is the most unkindest cut of all"—in abridgments. It is rude to be personal, but as I am a shadow to my readers, and none of them are before me in the flesh, I will venture to ask how much they know of the "Faerie Queene," one of the loveliest and greatest poems in English literature; of the "Ecclesiastical Polity," one of the weightiest books of a great age; of the noble writings of Jeremy Taylor, the most eloquent and profoundly earnest of divines; and of the works of Burke, who occupies the foremost place as a political philosopher?

Readers, it will be said, must keep up with the current literature of the day—with the magazines and novels that swarm like blackberries in autumn, and with the pleasantly written volumes upon small subjects and on great that claim the little leisure they possess. Is not, it will be argued, much of the best writing of the day to be found in reviews and in the many series of inexpensive but by no means trivial books designed for the amusement of busy men? This is true, no doubt; but it is equally true that the classics, which rank with the chief landmarks of England's greatness, cannot be neglected by the man who wishes to cultivate brain and heart and to enlarge his intellectual vision. I will make one suggestion in conclusion. Granting, if you will, that current literature, which interprets the thoughts and wants of the hour, is of absorbing interest, although much of that interest is necessarily ephemeral, would it not be possible to keep one hour in the day, or even half an hour, for some book of weighty thought or imaginative beauty that has been written not for an age but for all time? Better still, perhaps, it would be to have some subject of lasting interest for this brief interval of leisure, and to master by slow degrees all that the greatest thinkers have said upon it. The process of study might be very slow, but it would be none the less invigorating. The temptation of the day is to have a superficial knowledge of many things. Would it not be well also to be a master of one?

J. D.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

I am not usually an enthusiast on Boxing Night. If Mr. Clement Scott had not left this column for a while and gone to Algiers—where, no doubt, he is at this moment sitting under a sunshade, with cooling drinks at his elbow, and reading, with incredulity, about the skating on the Serpentine and the anonymous gentleman who broke a hole in the ice at daybreak on Christmas Day in order to assert by bathing in the aperture that immortal principle that Britons never, never will quake in any temperature, however tyrannical—I say that if Mr. Scott had not betaken himself (enviable man!) to another clime for three weeks, I question whether I should have gone on Boxing Night to see the pantomime at Drury-Lane. It savours, perhaps, of the humours of the harlequinade to arrive ten minutes late, and find that a stall has been thoughtfully provided for you right in the centre of the row, to which you scramble your way over many toes and not a few corns, amid a low growl of oburgation from the pit behind. An even more humorous experience is to reach what you suppose to be the chosen spot, and then find that you have mistaken the row, so that you have to travel back again, exhausted with apology, and then massacre a new set of toes and corns, with the miserable conviction that their owners will remember you with bitterness to their dying day. Even when you sink into your seat at last, there is the disquieting thought that you are fixed there for the next four hours at least, for you dare not face again the ire of that stout gentleman with the fierce moustache, who seems to be making up his mind to wait for you in the corridor when the play is over. And even worse than his threatening aspect is the frozen gaze of that very pretty girl, evidently his daughter, whose shapely foot you know you have crushed beyond recognition, and yet whom, under happier conditions, you might—

But why pursue the distracting theme? Sufficient to say that there are reasons which might deter anyone save a man of unflinching nerve from visiting Drury-Lane on Boxing Night. However, I braved these terrors, and I did not find my four hours hang heavily on my hands, though they caused a little stiffness in my joints. Moreover, I was not in the least disposed to make the time-honoured objection of the old stager that this pantomime robs a nursery tale of its innocent bloom, and plunges it into a chaotic dissipation of ballets and music-hall songs. The story of "Beauty and the Beast" is told, on the whole, with quite a surprising coherence. The thread of the plot is interrupted by playful interludes, no doubt, but it is taken up again with fresh vigour, and you are even struck with compassion for the unfortunate young prince, who, because he treats with befitting scorn the impertinence of a Bogie-man, attended by the Leopold Troupe made up as skeletons—rather too grisly a burlesque for the children, by the way—is forced to assume the aspect of a Beast in the eyes of his beloved. I was particularly moved by the moral lesson of this tale. How often does it happen to the most deserving man to take the complexion of a Beast in the sight of Beauty! To the fair creature whose toes were still tingling, and whose papa's darkling eye still lighted on me occasionally, I was unquestionably a Beast, and yet how—but this is not an essay on morality or metaphysics. Let me content myself with impressing on the reader that in Mr. Augustus Harris's new work he will find much food for wholesome reflection.

Sympathising deeply as I did with the princely sufferings of Miss Vesta Tilley, as portrayed by Mr. John D'Auban in a pantomime head, I thought that Beauty scarcely showed a sufficient appreciation of the tragedy. Charming and graceful as she is, Miss Belle Bilton (whose aristocratic connections are indicated in the playbill in brackets) was somewhat too cold and diffident. She drove the donkey tandem with spirit, but there was, perhaps, a little too much of the bracketed aristocracy in her reception of the devoted Beast's attentions and of the pageant provided in her honour. Had she seen those glittering forms so often at rehearsal that she was tired of the spectacle? or did the title in brackets enjoin upon her that repose, otherwise boredom, which stamps the caste of Clancarty? It was distinctly hard on the poor Beast to pay so little heed to his pathetic advances, and to show so little interest in his elaborate processions. To me it was delightful to find that Mr. Harris had given up those historical figures who used to march across his stage at wearisome length—the representatives of various nations, with their banners and trumpets and fatiguing paraphernalia. Instead of these we had a series of charming and original studies in costume. There were Nautch girls and serpent-charmers from the East. There were ladies set in enormous fans of most tasteful design and exquisite colours. There were little girls quaintly dressed as powder-puffs, touching their cheeks coquettishly with the small white balls. But even this spectacle was surpassed by the Ballet of the Roses, in which the leaves of every kind of rose were represented in costumes that formed the most perfect harmony of tints. If Mr. Harris had given us nothing but this feast of colour his pantomime would be sufficiently notable.

As for fun, there was plenty of it, though the quality was not always of the first order. I wish there were an end, or at any rate a mitigation, of the drollery about drunkenness. Is it impossible to have a pantomime without all this clowning of tipsiness? There are two if not three songs of which the main interest is reminiscent of intoxication. Worse still is the intrusion of a drunken frolic into the middle of the Ballet of the Roses. Two comedians, bottle in hand, reel about the stage, and finally grovel as if they were in the gutter. I appeal to Mr. Harris to put a stop to this exhibition. It is not in the least amusing, and even on Boxing Night the laughter at the tipsy antics came from a very small portion of the audience, for, to their credit be it said, the mass of the pit and gallery did not join in it. I should be grateful to those genial comedians Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Herbert Campbell if they were now and then inspired not to appear as two elderly ladies. Mr. Campbell would confer a special favour on me if he did not always sing a topical song with allusions to the much-berated County Council. Surely that source of humour is pretty well dried up. Yet there was genuine burlesque in the imitation of the two music-hall sisters who never perform apart, and Mr. Harry Nicholls's mimicry of Miss Letty Lind was excellent in its way. The twin donkeys of the Brothers Griffiths greatly delighted the youngsters in the audience, but the merriest shouts rewarded Mr. Fred Walton's toy soldier. What does the patriotic Frenchman think of us when he sees the British Army caricatured on the stage? You hear the stirring strains of the "British Grenadiers," and on stumbles a row of wooden warriors, and everybody roars with delight. I suppose this comes of our being a nation of shopkeepers, indifferent to glory. We chuckle when our brave defenders in wood are knocked contemptuously about the stage, and laugh outright when Mr. Walton placards them with "Back from Bermuda." What would happen to a caricaturist in a Parisian theatre who pasted on a grotesque effigy of a French soldier the legend "Back from Tonquin"? I suppose he would be torn limb from limb.

But British pantomime is privileged to make very free with all manner of dignities. At the Prince of Wales's you will find the domestic affairs of Royal families treated with very scant respect. Of course, no real crowned heads are held up to scorn. There is "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth." But just as much of Thackeray's habitual satire about monarchs as Mr. Savile Clarke has found it possible to extract from "The Rose and the Ring" for the purposes of a pantomime may be relished by the small cynics who are taken by their parents and guardians to the theatre of an afternoon. There is distinct humour in this representation of Thackeray's fairy tale, and not the least of Mr. Savile Clarke's services is the inducement he offers to youthful playgoers to study the original story for themselves. I can promise them that they will find it decidedly entertaining, and rather an agreeable relief for a season from the adventures in which Mr. Rider Haggard strews his pages with even more corpses than the most exacting schoolboy demands. Besides, it is time that the youngest generation should learn their Thackeray, when a man of books like "A. B. W." in the *Speaker* actually assigns to Captain Costigan the improvised song in the Cave of Harmony, which seemed such a prodigy of wit to Colonel Newcome.

L. F. A.

THE NEXT PRINCELY GERMAN WEDDING.

The betrothal, at Berlin, with the usual German domestic ceremony, in the presence of the Emperor William, of Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, one of our Queen's grandchildren



PRINCESS LOUISE OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

to Prince Aribert, third surviving son of the Duke of Anhalt-Dessau, was an event interesting to English friends of the young lady. She is in her nineteenth year, having been born on Aug. 12, 1872, younger daughter of Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Helena of Great Britain, who married in July 1866, and who reside at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park. Her full name is Franziska Josepha Louise Augusta Marie Christiana Helena, and she bears the title of "Highness," not "Royal Highness." Prince Aribert Joseph



PRINCE ARIBERT JOSEPH ALEXANDER OF ANHALT-DESSAU.

Alexander von Anhalt, a "Serene Highness," was born at the summer palace of Wörlitz on June 18, 1864, third and youngest son of the reigning Duke Frederick of Anhalt (comprising the reunited Duchies of Anhalt-Dessau, Anhalt-Koethen, and Anhalt-Bernburg). His mother, the Duchess of Anhalt, is Princess Antoinette of Saxe-Altenburg, one of the Saxon Duchies. Prince Aribert is a Lieutenant of the Prussian 1st Dragoon Guards, of which regiment our Queen is Honorary Colonel, and his two elder brothers also hold commissions in the Prussian Army.

THE "WEE FOLK" OF THE SCOTTISH LOWLANDS.

We find in most countries a popular belief in various classes of beings who are alike distinct from man and from the higher intelligences of the spiritual world. These supernatural creatures are accredited with inhabiting regions sacred to themselves—sequestered vales rich in foxgloves, harebells, and feathery ferns, or grottoes of coral and pearls in shining dells of the sea. How elves, fairies, and "wee folk" were called into existence it were difficult to say; but, granted that all the ancient systems of heathen religion were devised by transcendent minds for the spiritual and mental development of humanity by appealing to the senses, it can readily be supposed that the creative fancy which from time to time peopled the heavens with soul-compelling divinities gave also birth to the elfin sprites of dell and wood and stream. In the rehearsed exploits of those tiny denizens of earth and air we have countless chapters of picturesque fiction and poetic lore.

Fairies, elves, pixies, *aut alio quo nomine gaudent*, have existed from time immemorial. Chaucer, who knew everything, and who had a ripe, rich heart for everybody, makes them an old people even in King Arthur's time—that reign so much associated with the glamorous nursery legends of our delectable days. Chaucer says, in the "Merchant's Tale":—

Full often time he, Pluto, and his queene
Proserpina, and all her fabric,
Disporten him, and maken melodye
About that well.

The "wee folk" of the Lowland counties of Scotland differ in some respects from the fairies of England. Like the latter, however, they consist of two distinct classes—the rural, and the domestic, fairies—those of the peaceful, sequestered vales or eerie, solitary heaths, and those whose destiny it is to abide by human hearths, and descend as the guardians of fortune through long family lines. From all that can be gleaned from fairy lore, they appear to be more mischievously inclined than Spenser's or Shakespeare's fairies, and much less addicted to mirth, dancing, and the other vanities of this planet. No Scottish rural pen has ever depicted moonlit revels in any woodland of Nithsdale, or green holm by the Ettrick or the Yarrow, to match those charming scenes in the Athenian woods, where lurks a fairy in every cowslip's bell, and where the listening air ripples with gladness at the delightful badinage of Puck, Bottom, and Quince. Never were the Lammermoors or the Cheviots lit up by their sober moon for any such Saturnalia! No Scottish poet dared, or cared, to conceive such lively fairy revelry. Is it not possible that Scottish Puritanism—or worse, Calvinism, has to answer for the austere, and poetically cruel, curbing of those dainty sprites of earth and air? That grand giant Burns could have done some startling titanic work in the way of setting those sweet involuntary prisoners free, had the gods been propitious; but Burns, poor man! had enough to do in setting his fellows right on certain points in both human and divine ethics, so he, perforce, had to let the fairies alone!

The "wee folk" of the Scottish Lowlands are very small of stature, but finely proportioned. They are of fair complexion, with long yellow hair, gathered above their heads with combs of gold. They wear a mantle of green cloth, inlaid with flowers, green pantaloons, buttoned with bobs of silk, and silver shoon. They carry quivers of adder-slug, and bows made of the ribs of a man buried where three lairds' lands meet; their arrows are made of bog-reed, tipped with tiny white flints and dipped in the dew of hemlock; and they ride on steeds whose hoofs are so ethereally light that they would not dash the dew from the chalice of the harebell.

These "wee folk," or "good folk," as they are also called, have ever been looked upon with a superstitious awe. In their intercourse with mankind they are usually kind and generous, unless imposed upon or wronged, which conduct they visit with punishment relentless and severe. Blessing, however, is their normal desire in their dealings with man. It is recorded that a young man of Nithsdale, when out one night on a love-affair, heard most delicious music, far surpassing the strains of

Any mortal mixture of earth's mould.

Courageously advancing to the spot whence the sound appeared to proceed, he suddenly found himself the spectator of a fairy banquet. A green table with feet of gold was laid across a small rivulet, and supplied with viands sweeter than ever delighted mortal palate. Music arose from strange instruments formed of reeds. He was invited to partake, and join in the dance; then he was allowed to depart in safety, after having been gifted, *in perpetuo*, with the power of second sight—a very doubtful blessing, indeed!

The brownie is another little gentleman of the "wee folk" whose personality demands some consideration. He is a personage of small stature, wrinkled visage, and with dreamy, inward-looking eyes, as if the parliament of the universe were in full session within his soul. He is no dandy, eschewing tinsel and velvet as vanity, and contenting himself with a brown mantle and hood, of which he never divests himself, though his existence may run through centuries, till the last moon of his life has waned. His residence is the hollow of some huge, ancient oak, the arched chamber of some ruined castle, or some seldom-visited outhouse belonging to the abode of man. He is sometimes attached to particular families, and has been known to reside in one home for seven generations, thrashing the corn, and performing other menial work done by his English brethren. Like many personages of more distinguished pretensions, his sensibilities are shocked by anything approaching a *douceur*, yet he will allow his scruples to be overcome if the "tip" is given in a genteel, delicate way! Offer him anything point blank, and he will certainly go off in a huff. There is the old couplet which every housewife and child through all the Border counties knows has a finality in its application not to be gainsaid—

He Brownie coat, gie Brownie sark,
Ye've get nae mair o' Brownie's wark,

but, let the propitiating gift be left for him at night, in a quiet accredited corner, and by early dawn it is off. Of course, it is the correct thing to suppose that the brownie knows nothing of the transaction. Might not this little private arrangement be a useful fact for anyone who may intend writing an elaborate treatise on the "Origin of Tips"?

If we would remain in a state of reverence and grace, let us not give up the fairies! Let the world's iconoclasts and agnostics go, and welcome! We might even endeavour to get along without Locke and Bentham, Hegel and Kant. The fairies, however, must remain. When falls the gloaming, the crescent moon, as it sinks behind the hill, has a purer glory as we think that it is looking down on many an elfin band; the lustrous fire of Hesperus has a deeper tenderness; and there is a new significance in the nightingale's song. What though we cannot see those dainty spiritual splendours in meadow or dell, we have the fair immortals within our heart! Let them for ever remain there: it were vile ingratitude in us not to accept the pleasures into which Fancy has tricked our mind to such fascinating, and not unprofitable, issues!—A. L.



THE GHOST DANCE OF THE SIOUX INDIANS IN NORTH AMERICA.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

In explanation of the recent troubles with a portion of the Indian tribes in Dakota, which have repeatedly been mentioned, an exciting cause to be noticed is the outbreak of fanatical religious delusion. This resembles, in its general character, the mischievous fit of revived native superstition, combined with mistaken ideas of prophecy derived from the Bible of Protestant missionaries, and partly also from an erroneous perversion of Roman Catholic teachings, among the Hau-hau sect of the wilder Maoris in New Zealand twenty-five years ago.

Sitting Bull, the late Chief of the Sioux nation, who has been killed in consequence of these lamentable disorders, seems, with other leading men of his people, to have listened to the pretended revelations of two visionaries, named Porcupine and Little Wound, who say that the Messiah, or Christ, appeared to them severally in person, at a camp of the Shoshone Indians, in a long journey west of the Rocky Mountains, through Utah and Nevada, and to the Pyramid Lake. Some of the Indians who went with them joined the Mormon community. Others, with Porcupine, travelled farther, and held a meeting with local tribes. They were apprised that Christ would come to them in fourteen days, and all were directed to eat a white nut and perform certain rites of consecration. They saw Christ, who was neither a white man nor an Indian, but of dark complexion, with heavy eyebrows, long hair, and no beard, a good-looking man; he seemed twenty years old the first day, thirty next day, forty on the third day, afterwards an aged man. He talked and sang to them all day; he told them it was he who made the earth and all upon it; it was he who was sent by God to teach mankind, and he showed the scars of his wounds; he had since been in heaven many hundred years, but now returned to proclaim a new dispensation. Christ is said, in one version, to have lent Sitting Bull a guiding star which conducted him to a large assembly of the ghosts of dead Indians, dancing in a circle. He waved his hand, and there was a herd of buffalo for them to kill and eat. It was expected that, at an early date, Christ would arrange the whole native Indian race to stand behind him, all the white people to stand in front of him; the Indians would then fall into a blessed trance, while the white men would be covered with a rolling layer of earth, 30 ft. deep; after that, the prairies would be covered with rich grass, the buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope would abound for Indian hunters; the golden age of primitive savage life would be restored.

These superstitious fancies are occasionally stimulated by mystic ceremonies under the crafty management of the tribal medicine-men. A Ghost Dance, similar to the scene represented in our large Engraving, is described in *Hesper's Weekly* of Dec. 6, by Lieutenant Marion P. Maus, of the United States Army, who, with Mr. Frederick Remington, witnessed this exhibition, near the White River, in the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. "The Indians dwelling on this reservation are Sioux and Cheyennes; Red Cloud is their principal chief. They dance in honour of the ghosts of their dead braves, especially of those killed in fights with white men. About three hundred, gathering on the open plain, men and women ranged alternately, forming a large circle, whirl round and round, chanting a sort of dirge, in which the spectators join, accompanied by tom-toms and flutes of reed. Now and then one falls in a swoon. He is laid apart, and in his dream is supposed to have an interview with the Messiah, and to learn a fresh prophecy. The doctrine of an Indian Messiah, and of an approaching convulsion of nature to destroy all the settlements of civilisation in North America, with the resuscitation of countless hosts of Red Indians, is widely spread. It was first openly preached ten years ago by an Indian named Smohalla, on the Upper Columbia River.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

To my thinking much of the charm and interest of a journey lies by the wayside. It is true that the prospect is generally limited, shut in by hedgerows and green banks and the slopes of rounded hills—that the mystery and suggestiveness of far-off horizons are usually deficient—that we lose the novelty and the wonder of those atmospheric effects, those rolling waves of light and shadow, which make half the beauty of the extended landscape; but then the narrower area and the nearer view compensate by familiarising us with every detail, by bringing each several feature to our immediate notice. I do not deny the enchantment of distance—in a greater or less degree it is felt by everybody—but much may be said as to the attraction of proximity. It is something to have the scene so entirely at our command: to take it in, as it were, without effort, instead of straining the aching eye to grasp what is really unattainable. We can make it all our own, can grow quite at home with it; whereas the mighty lengths of ocean, and the great visions revealed from the mountain-tops, seem to defy us with a sublime inaccessibility. They chide us, somehow or other, just when we think we have laid hold upon them. So it is wise and well to keep a close look-out by the wayside. We shall find little grandeur there, or height, or depth, or space; but sweet homely beauties and tender modest graces, lying, as it were, at our very feet. Not that the majesty of Nature will fail us altogether. The wayside pool will show us the stars of heaven, and the wayside stream reveal the shadows of the hanging woods. And when we climb the hills we shall see as far as any of our fellows.

This is the pity of it—when we are hurrying onwards by Flying Scotchmen, Flying Dutchmen, Lightning Expresses, and so on; when we are tearing along the road behind a team of high-mettled steeds, or perched on the airy top of a patent "Humber"—this, I say, is the pity of it: we sweep past the lovely wayside nooks, the pleasant places to the right and the left of us, unthinking, unobservant. It is just as if they were not! The mad race blots out each particular thing of beauty, or, rather, confuses the various parts into one misty, involved, undistinguishable whole. We crane our necks out of the carriage-window, but are not successful in catching any clear and well-defined picture to impress on our memory and use as a stimulus to our imagination. There they go—trees and streams and houses, bridges and posts and trees, a succession of blurs or spots; we are scarcely abreast of one before another presses within range; they crowd upon each other, like the images of Banquo's issue, like waves driven on a lee shore by a furious wind. That clump of primroses among the roots of the gnarled oak, that purple-winged butterfly poised over the cup of the nectareous blossom, that shy violet half hidden by cool green mosses—what is the use of these to you or to me, if we are to spin on our way, with anxious brows and puckers around the lips and the tired eyes, heedless of everything but the end of our journey? And what do we gain by all this breathless haste? Gain?—nay: what do we not lose? Bloom and fragrance of flowers, singing of happy streams, restfulness of quiet leafy corners, welcome shade of overarching boughs, refreshment of gardens fair and orchards fruitful—alas, alas! these are not for us!

And what, then, is ours? Oh, the paltry knowledge that we have outstripped a competitor, and accomplished a given distance in the shortest possible time! How poor a thing this seems to the soul when it is faint and weary with all the rush and strain—dazed with the prolonged and yet unprofitable effort!

Consider what awaits you, my friend, if you take your ease by the wayside. There will be all the fine wayside blossoms through the long procession of the months; all the marvels of the mysterious insect-life; all the blithe motions and songs and kindly companionship of the birds. There will be little wayside ponds, at the feet of tall elms, or edged about with green alders, where the swallows come to preen their wings and the cattle in hot summer days stand knee-deep in the welcome coolness. There will be tiny rills, issuing from unknown woodlands, and gliding through tranquil meadows, yellow with buttercups, to fall into the wayside gully, and ripple, heard but unseen, beneath a matted screen of ferns and grasses. There will be thorny tangles of bramble, where, as soon as the autumn mists begin to fall, the children hunt for the ripening berries. There will be clusters of pink-and-white hawthorn in the blossoming May time; poses of wild roses in the sunny June; and, by-and-by, the trumpet-like flowers of the convolvulus and the trailing glory of the traveller's-joy. There will be bits of broken bank, full of rabbit burrows; and sheltered dells where the nightingale takes silence prisoner with the power of his song. There will be rustic stiles, where you may rest your weary limbs, while you watch the wave-like movements of the growing corn as the wind ebbs and flows over its surface—or trace the well-worn footpath as it curves and winds across the furzy common. There will be openings of pleasant lanes, fringed with lofty trees, and ambling, as it were, through green hedgerows to the squire's mansion, or the hazel copse, or the blacksmith's forge. There will be garden gates, through which you may catch glimpses of fair maidens, gay and graceful as English girls should be, seated on "emerald lawns," and tossing light laughs at each other in gracious moods of playfulness. There will be sounds of church bells to remind you of the things that make for righteousness, and, perchance, soft echoes of hymn or anthem, like golden notes down-dropped from heaven's gate. And there will be sudden lights flashing from the great glorious sea, which beyond the cliffs spreads its vast bosom to the sunshine. And there will be occasional thrills of awe and fear as you look into the depths of the deepening woods. And there will be touches of exquisite sympathy, as the mellow piping of the blackbird, or the rich warble of the thrush, remind you of the inarticulate melodies which have cheered the hearts of unnumbered generations.

I do not pretend that the wayside offers always such delights as these. Here and there will be wildernesses of thorn and briar, desert places, roofless homesteads, and barren fields. Or you will come upon some poor wretch, stretched pale and helpless on the sward, bleeding from wounds gotten in the battle of life, or, perhaps, inflicted by his own rash hand—who knows?—but lying there, with never a cup of water to cool his fevered lips, or friendly hand to stanch the trickling blood. The crowd hurry by—swifter and swifter—along the beaten highway; but you, at least, will pause by the wayside with the gift of oil and wine, and Christian speech? You will see there the tramp, with slouching gait and lowering brow; and the mendicant, importuning for the bread he is unable or unwilling to earn; and the unwomanly woman, who has forfeited the crowning grace of womanhood; and the homeless lad, whom adverse circumstance has thrown out of the ranks even before his life has fairly begun. These, too, the remote crowd pass by, indifferent alike to curses, tears, and prayers; indifferent alike to the sin and the sorrow, and the peril that lies at the bottom of it all.

We, who keep our eyes and thoughts fixed on the wayside—not, be it said, without timely glances at the skies above and at the distant heights, touched with the splendours of God's sunshine—we see these sights and feel the mingled pain and pleasure of them. Pain there must be, of course, but the pleasure is in such large proportion to it that we shall never regret the course we have taken. We can afford to wonder why the world neglects it. Now, the intelligent reader will already have detected that, in my modest manner, I am aiming here at a kind of little parable or allegory: that the wayside I have in my mind is the wayside of life. With what impetuous speed do the millions pursue that journey which none (or few) of them complain of as too long! How they rush, drive, gallop along the road, in a wild desire to be among the foremost—a wild desire to reach some coveted goal—power, wealth, fame, rank, place, or fashion! And how prone are our teachers to apply the whip and the spur which are so little needed! Instead of checking the furious pace; instead of beguiling the panting athlete into cool green paths and coverts by the wayside, they urge him forward with every incentive that can kindle or sustain the flames of passion. "A high doorstep and a brass knocker" is but a sorry ideal to strive for; yet it is the ideal, under various forms and modifications, for the realisation of which men work and strive and fight, trampling upon one another, cold-blooded, in the frenzy of their folly. And yet, be their goal a throne or a stool, a palace or an eight-roomed villa, the statesman's cabinet or the merchant's counting-house, behind it lies another goal, whither the journey leads with inevitable directness. Such being the case, it would seem to be the truest wisdom to give some leisure and more thought to the common objects of the wayside—to refrain from expending all our time and all our reserve of strength in "running the race." What pleasure is there in the dust of the road—in the clang of the chariot-wheels—in the angry voices of the struggling multitude? No, my friend! Let you and I stand out of the ruck, and make the most of the pleasures (and duties) that so thickly cluster by the wayside! Life will be all the sweeter, and none the shorter. Our fellows, as they breathlessly hunt down each worthless quarry, may fling a sneer and a jest at those who linger among the bees and the blossoms, or respond to the wounded wayfarer's cry for help; but we shall all of us be in at the death at last!—W. H. D. A.

The total receipts derived from the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play of 1890 amounted to £34,736 4s. This amount was mainly made up by the sale of tickets and photographs. The theatre and dresses cost about £10,000, and the 747 persons employed received for the whole of the performances sums varying from £100 for Maier (the Christus) to £4 and £2 for the Sunday-school children, making a total amount of £14,000. Fräulein Rosa Lang, who impersonated the Virgin Mary, and who often, we are told, had to sleep on the floor from Friday evening to Monday morning, received only £40. The balance of £10,000 is being expended upon village improvements in the shape of a new hospital, drainage, fountains, trees, &c. In this estimate no account is taken of the money derived from boarding and lodging the villagers, but the general impression is one distinctly favourable to the Ober-Ammergauers.

THE YEARS BETWEEN.

There is always a danger lest sentiment should degenerate into mawkishness and pathos into exaggeration. This fault is visible on so large a scale in the novels of Charles Dickens that some critics—very unjustly, I think—give that singularly original writer credit only for humour and for farce. No doubt humour is the corner-stone of his fame, but no one who remembers Mr. Peggotty in "David Copperfield," or the closing scenes of his most powerful story "The Tale of Two Cities," can doubt that Dickens had pathos at command. Too often, however, he brings tears into the eyes and then dashes them away before they fall, not by some happy stroke of humour, but because he is not content to let pathos do its work. By continuing to toil at it, it becomes sickly and even ludicrous. Shakspeare and Scott knew better, and so did George Eliot and Thackeray, and it will be pleasant to have a talk some day on the subject with the readers of the *Illustrated London News*.

At present, let these few words suffice to show that I am not unconscious of temerity in writing on a topic which, like "The Years Between," has a touch of pathos even in its title. If a great writer like Dickens could fail in a big way, why may not I also fail in my small measure? Certainly no one in this somewhat hard and gritty age can wish to pose as a "man of sentiment," for what brought tears to the eyes of our grandparents only makes us laugh. We prefer burlesque to tragedy, and, instead of sighing over fictitious woes like the readers of "Clarissa Harlowe," amuse our leisure with the comic papers and the incredible inventions of sensational novelists.

Still, human nature has deeper roots than fashion, and there are times when the memory of the days between youth and middle or old age will raise ghosts that cannot readily be laid. Men are so constituted that, if not asleep, dining, or engaged in money-making, they are forced to live in the future or in the past. The present moment, I think, is rarely of overpowering interest—once or twice it may be in a long life—and our talk in youth is of schemes for to-morrow, and in age of the years that are gone by. It is strange to note how difficult a man finds it to realise the advance of age. It flashes upon him, however, sometimes, with a vividness that is startling. He meets, perhaps, a long-absent friend whose dark hair is now turned to grey. The friend, too, notices a similar alteration, and each finds it difficult to recognise the other. Again, a sober-minded, middle-aged Benedict may have had a passionate attachment in youth which ended as so many early fancies do. For a time it seemed as though no earthly power could part the young man and maiden. Had they not made vows of eternal fidelity—defying fate, guardians, and poverty—and how could such love as theirs ever fade? Fade, however, it did, after a few weeks or months of bliss, and twenty years—shall we say?—have passed since the two parted. Then a chance meeting in society suddenly brings the quondam lovers face to face. What a change the years between have made! Is that stout-looking matron the same being as the fair slim girl whose soft eyes and winning smile once sufficed to vanquish a lover? And can the man, now "bearded like the pard," and whose soul is in the Stock Exchange, be the handsome and enthusiastic youth who once filled a young girl's heart with dreams of happiness?

A Scottish poet has happily expressed a lover's delight in a maiden, the flower of the parish, whose bright face danced with mirth, and his regret upon seeing her many a year later, when time and motherly cares had destroyed her early charms. I quote the last verse from memory, and therefore, perhaps, not quite accurately:—

The bonnie wee bit lassie was a gude wife growing auld—
Twa bairns in the cradle and one on her knee;
She was douce too and wile-like, and wisdom's sae could:
I'd rather have the other one, than this Bessie Lee.

Is it not strange, by the way, to think that you or I, reader, as we pass through the streets, may meet without mutual recognition some early friend who once had a daily place in our thoughts? It is not the "whispering tongues that poison truth" which have severed our lives; no quarrel probably served to estrange us; but new interests and later friendships have effectually severed the links that once bound us together. There is something pathetic in the thought, and more than pathetic, even infinitely sad, if, when glancing over the past days, we remember how we lost a friend from indifference, or through some ungracious and inconsiderate act. Regrets are inevitable, but it is the sorrows we bring upon ourselves that we feel most bitterly.

Few of us, I suppose, have lived so wisely as not to compare, sometimes with painful feelings, the aspirations of youth with the achievements of age. There are men and women, indeed, who may be said to live at hap-hazard, with no great object of pursuit, with no desire to make their short stay in this world fruitful for good to others and themselves. No memory of the past troubles them, no hope of the future brightens the western sky as their sun of life goes down!

Most of us, happily, however weak in action, have at least the wish to live noble lives and carry about with us the sense that, before death comes, there is a battle to be fought and a victory to be won. But, too often, the years between youth and age present a blank as we look back upon them. "What," we say to ourselves, "have our resolutions accomplished? Once, indeed, we climbed the hill a little way, but the sand gave way under our feet, and now we seem to be as far as ever from the summit." Well, it is infinitely better to have this keen sense of failure, or partial failure, than to live the life of men "whose greatest use and market of their time is but to eat and sleep." A dissatisfaction of this kind shows that, though crippled and remorseful, we are still "on the side of the angels," and this is surely better than the complacency of fools. Moreover, is it not possible—but of this I do not speak confidently—that, on glancing back, the memory may recall in gloomy and dyspeptic moments the follies or negligences which are the least pleasant to remember, while the brighter visions of the past are entirely obliterated? And yet there is not one of us who, unless the inner light of the spirit is extinguished, will not be ready to exclaim, with Wordsworth—

The best of what we do, and are,
Just God forgive!

J. D.

The Newfoundland fisheries still continue to cause very strained relations between the British and French fishermen, and Mgr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of the French shore, writes to the effect that "England may declare she will not fight over a few fish, but she is now creating a set of circumstances which must inevitably force her to war or to abandon Newfoundland. Notwithstanding the large British naval force stationed in Newfoundland waters to prevent trouble, occasions of conflict between the rival fishermen occur daily all along the coast, and, in spite of the utmost vigilance on the part of the war vessels, the Newfoundlanders will find the means for committing a fatal act which would precipitate a crisis. For the Imperial Government to shilly-shally with *modus vivendis* is only to prepare terrible trouble in the very near future."



"Hunger is the best sauce."



"No one knows where the shoe pinches but the wearer."



"Where there's a will there's a way."



"Never swap horses while crossing the stream."



"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."



"Better late than never."

PICTORIAL PROVERBS.

COLONIAL NAVAL DEFENCES OF AUSTRALIA.

The official opinions of Sir William Jervois and Sir Peter Scratchley, a few years ago, with regard to the military and naval defences of our Australasian Colonies, obtained due attention from Government. It was pointed out that if Great Britain were at war with any maritime Power, the enemy could send a squadron of three or four ships, perhaps from the Russian ports of Vladivostock and Petropaulovski, on the east coast of Asia, or from the French port of Saigon, in Cochin China, eluding our cruisers, to attack the ports of Queensland or Sydney, Melbourne, or Adelaide, capturing merchant-vessels, with shipments of gold, and possibly extorting ransom from the cities under threat of bombardment.

An agreement was made between the Australasian Colonies and the Government of the Mother Country, by which Great Britain is to provide certain vessels of war over and above the strength of the British squadron stationed in the West Pacific, to be maintained at the Colonies' expense. Most of the Colonies had already formed a small defence force on their own account. This beginning of what may some day become a considerable supplement to the scheme of Imperial Defence was composed of vessels of small size, nor were they numerous, but well armed and efficient for the service.

Besides a number of torpedo-boats and armed Government steamers, used for various purposes in peace time, there are now, regularly in commission as ships of war, the *Wolverene*, the *Cerberus*, the *Victoria*, the *Albert*, the *Paluma*, the *Gayundah*, and the *Protector*. The first is a wooden corvette, formerly flag-ship on the Australian Station, which was presented

to the New South Wales Government by the home authorities, on her being relieved by H.M.S. *Nelson*. The *Cerberus*, an armoured turret-ship carrying four ten-inch eighteen-ton guns, with machine guns, was purchased some few years back as the nucleus of an armed flotilla for the defence of the city of Melbourne, should an enemy succeed in passing the formidable defences at the entrance to the small inland sea of Port Phillip. To this, among other fighting craft, the Victorians added the gun-boats *Victoria* and *Albert*, built by Armstrong and Co., and well armed with long-range breech-loading guns. The neighbouring colony of South Australia got from the same firm the *Protector*, one of the most powerfully armed cruisers of her tonnage afloat. Queensland, in the *Paluma* and *Gayundah*, also possesses two very modern and well-armed gun-boats. Particulars will be found in Lord Brassey's "Naval Annual."

Our illustrations are supplied by Captain C. Field, Royal Marine Light Infantry.

"FRIENDS AT A PINCH."

The picture called "Deux Braves," exhibited at the Palais de l'Elysée in Paris, may fairly be supposed to express a little sympathy with personal and professional regrets for the declining political influence both of the ecclesiastical and of the military class in the present French Republic. Compared with the excessive deference that was paid to the heads of the Church, Archbishops and Bishops and directors of religious corporations, and to Marshals and Generals of the Army, in the latter years of the Empire of Napoleon III., when the opinions of the Empress Eugénie prevailed over the

counsels of her husband's more prudent advisers, the existing régime must seem deplorable to many veteran prelates and distinguished commanders of past renown. In some of the clever pictures of modern French society, by Daudet and other French novelists, examples of this disappointed mood are gently but humorously portrayed. Apparently, the Republic as it now stands, under the Presidency of M. Carnot, safely relying on the popularity of the civilian and lay elements, which experience has proved to be the most abiding foundations of national welfare, can afford to dispense with the support either of the priesthood, or of ambitious officers more or less of the type of General Boulanger. Yet we have no doubt there are many sincerely pious ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church in France, and many honest and patriotic old soldiers who earned their promotion in Algeria, in the Crimea, in Italy, and in the war with Germany, mournfully persuaded in these latter days that French prosperity and glory have departed. Republican sentiment, in a great country which possesses vast commercial and industrial resources, and which is not threatened with attack by any foreign Power, manifests an equal distaste for warlike adventures to win high rewards for victorious Generals, and for clerical or monastic interference with public education. These two worthy representatives of old professional claims and interests, belonging respectively to the Church and the Army, in France under the Empire twenty or thirty years ago, may harmlessly exchange their mutual condolences, in a visit of private friendship, and refresh themselves in the pauses of talk with an innocent pinch of snuff. We can but wish them a peaceful and tranquil old age, with no chance of seeing a Reaction, a Restoration, or another Revolution, before the natural end of their lives.



THE WOLVERENE. WOODEN CORVETTE (NEW SOUTH WALES).



THE GUN-BOAT VICTORIA (COLONY OF VICTORIA).



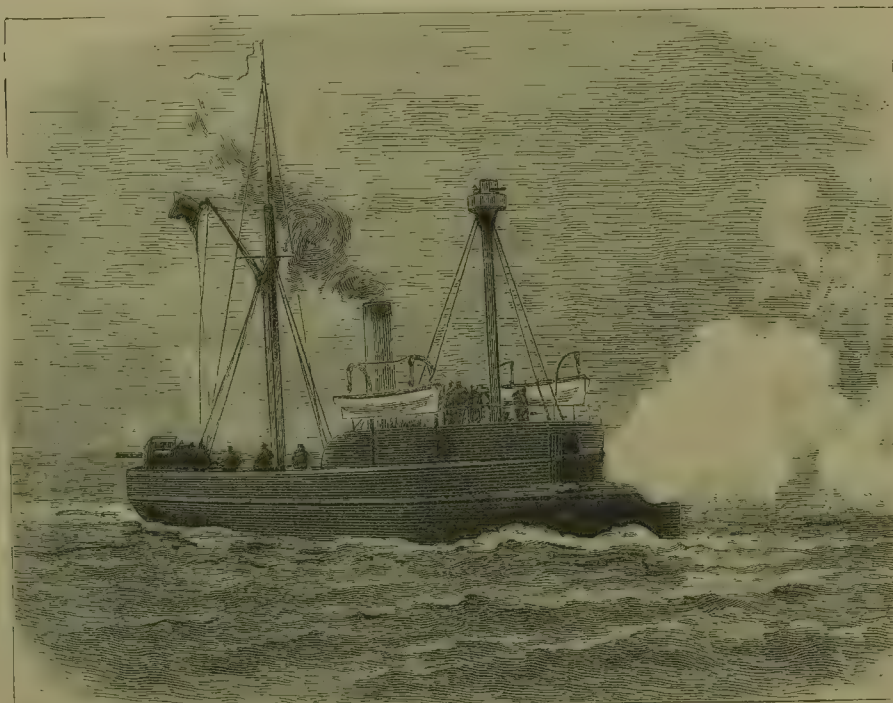
THE GUN-BOAT ALBERT (COLONY OF VICTORIA)



THE CERBERUS, ARMOURD TURRET-SHIP, GUARDING MELBOURNE HARBOUR.



THE PROTECTOR, ARMED CRUISER (COLONY OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA).



THE GAYUNDAH, HARBOUR DEFENCE VESSEL AT BRISBANE (QUEENSLAND).

COLONIAL DEFENCE SHIPS OF THE AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENTS.



FRIENDS AT A PINCH.

PICTURE ENTITLED "DEUX BRAVES," BY SCHREIBER, EXHIBITED IN PARIS.

LITERATURE.

ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN NOVEL.

A Colonial Reformer. By Rolf Boldrewood. Three vols. (Macmillan and Co.)—The conventional fiction-types of social and domestic life in the rural districts of England—the Squire or Baronet, the Rector or Vicar of the parish, the hunting and shooting county gentry, and the young ladies of their families—have served for stock materials of many hundred modern novels, until the general reader finds little that is new in them. It is a wholesome change to receive from the well-informed Australian, Rolf Boldrewood, a novelist of considerable force, a distinct picture of the great pastoral "squatters," and all surrounding them, with their eager hopes, their occasional losses or alarms, their chances of swift enrichment or of sudden ruin. There can be no greater contrast with the settled dignity and security of English country gentlemen at home.

The title, "*A Colonial Reformer*," which seems to promise the career of a political legislator and possible Minister, striving to carry beneficial measures against factious or selfish opposition in a House of Representatives, does not truly fit this story. Mr. Ernest Neuchamp, the younger brother of a landowning squire of ancient and chivalrous lineage in Buckinghamshire, arrives in New South Wales with £5000, inspired with generous enthusiasm, intent on setting an example of liberality in all his dealings, of scientific improving enterprise, and of the culture of refined intellectual tastes. At Sydney, after narrowly escaping a plausible cheat, Mr. Hartley Selmore, who would have beguiled him into a worthless purchase, he happily gains the protecting friendship of Paul Frankston, an elderly merchant, who has weathered rude adventures as a sailor and early settler. Frankston's delightful marine villa at Morahmee, near the entrance to the beautiful harbour, reminds us of that described in "*A Marked Man*." Surely, of the richer class of persons at Sydney and Auckland, it may be said, "Their lines have fallen to them in pleasant places"; and Miss Antonia Frankston, the only child and heiress of the warm-hearted Sydney merchant, is another noble specimen of the "*Australian Girl*." This young lady at once becomes the friend of Ernest Neuchamp, but her prudence gently checks his optimist aspirations; and he has to go through a prolonged ordeal of hard work at a distant cattle-station, with severe struggles and perils in the management of his property, before he can presume to ask for her heart and hand.

The greater part of the story is occupied with Mr. Neuchamp's experiences, at first in a pedestrian journey, travelling on foot by choice, to Garrandilla, a station partly for sheep partly for cattle, some two hundred miles west of Sydney, and during his sojourn there, for one year, learning all the details of such work; but subsequently at a place far more remote, on the Lower Darling, where he has bought the outlying Rainbar station, with a herd of bullocks. He spends all his money in rash improvements, till a season of long drought reduces his position to extremity; then he is saved by a colonial friend. Mr. Abstinens Levison, the friend in need, by lifelong industry and frugality, and by great practical sagacity, has become the richest, as he is the wisest, of speculators in land and cattle. He took a fancy to young Neuchamp when they met on the road; but Neuchamp, in his lonely tramp over the Blue Mountains, and on by way of Nubba, met other strangers of very different character. There was old "Ironbark Ike," the savage ruffianly cattle-drover, who told him, over repeated cups of gin, one of the most hideous murder-stories ever heard; there was Gentleman Howard, alias Broughton, who had perpetrated robberies, so that Neuchamp, being in his company, was also arrested by the police at Boonamarran. On the other hand, this confiding and benevolent "New Chum," as his name was aptly rendered, had no cause, in the long-run, to be sorry for his ready forgiveness of Jack Windsor, the active young highwayman with a pistol, who demanded his money or his life. It was Jack's first attempt at crime, the result of a passing mood of desperation. He listened to good counsel, and followed Neuchamp as a most faithful and useful servant ever afterwards; his prowess in riding, in driving and yarding bullocks, and in fighting or wrestling with men, furnishes the most exciting scenes of action.

Business and work, bargaining for the purchase or sale of stock, the advantages of particular "runs," or vast tracts of pasture, held by leasehold tenure under the Colonial Government, the disadvantage of allowing "free selectors," persons with very little capital, to come and take small pieces as freehold under the deferred-payments system, and the management, in general, of a large squatter's affairs, breeding, rearing, fattening, and selling cattle—of sheep and wool, Mr. Neuchamp's only experience was at Garrandilla—these are the main topics. A great deal of exact knowledge of such matters is to be gathered from the story of his doings at Rainbar. We have studied numerous descriptive and statistical books, written by travellers and returned emigrants, which are much less instructive. On the whole, it seems to us that the life of an Australian pastoral squatter on those immense plains, with their monotonous landscape, must be uncongenial to a refined and sensitive mind. "Their talk is of bullocks"; there is much nasty butchery; it is not an innocent Arcadia, but infested by fraudulent tricksters and thieves. The living is squalid; there is no intellectual entertainment; only the pleasant and salubrious climate, the fine dry air, and incessant compulsory exercise on horseback, with the excitement of rapid gains or fatal disasters in the risky business, keep these sequestered English gentlemen in good mental health.

As for Mr. Neuchamp, when delivered from imminent bankruptcy and from the incumbrance of "free selectors" by Mr. Levison's masterly interposition with a long purse and the shrewdest advice, he springs up, with the longed-for rains, to amazing prosperity, gets big prices for his fat oxen at the opening of the Victoria goldfields, pays off all debts, cuts irrigation canals, annexes the adjacent runs, and bids fair to be one of the richest of the young colonial aristocracy. He has renounced the vain ambition to be a colonial reformer, and comes down to Sydney for a holiday with the beloved image of Miss Antonia Frankston supremely reigning in his heart. There have been some exciting adventures, not of gallantry but of strange experiences, in which he was rather a spectator than an actor, at the new goldfield town of Turonia and elsewhere. The story of a desperate dashing criminal, Mr. Greffham, a fashionable ball-room and billiard-room hero, who robbed and murdered two police-constables for the gold sent in their charge, and who was promptly detected, arrested, and doomed to the gallows, is effectively told. Another stirring piece of narrative relates the brave action of Neuchamp and Jack Windsor rescuing Antonia and another young lady from a piratical German Count, or villanous impostor, calling himself Von Schätterheims. This swindling foreigner, after being the pet of Sydney fashionable society, attempts by force to carry off a silly heiress, Antonia's friend, in the boat of his seagoing yacht, from the garden lawn at Morahmee; he and his men are thrashed by Antonia's lover, with the aid of Jack. Her jovial old father is full of gratitude, and the two lovers are happily wedded.

INDIA AND SYRIA.

Picturesque India: a Handbook for European Travellers. By W. S. Caine. (Routledge and Sons.)—The author is a well-known English politician and advocate of social reforms, but he wisely refrains from controversial discussion of the problems which concern British government in India, or its accommodation to the ancient customs and beliefs of two hundred millions of different Asiatic nations under the Empress Victoria's rule. As a recent tourist, he furnishes a guide to places easily accessible, none more than fifty miles from a railway, describing the proper outfit and luggage, the routes and modes of travelling, and other details of convenience for the passenger, which may be learned also from the Indian "Bradshaw." He feels an interest in Christian religious missions, the local positions and operations of which are particularly noticed; but, with all due respect for their agents and promoters, we still incline to the opinion that Brahmanism and Mohammedanism, if they could be purged of superstitious corruptions, might satisfy the highest aspirations of the native mind for ages to come. At any rate, Mr. Caine is able to discern and appreciate those marvellous proofs of the power of religious sentiment, not devoid of the elements of spirituality and sublime ideality either in the early Brahman, in the original Buddhist, or in the Moslem creed, which are beheld in the magnificent ecclesiastical architecture of India. They testify, like our cathedrals, abbeys, and churches all over Europe, to the old and deeply cherished faith of vast communities, highly civilised at remote historical periods, in theological explanations then considered adequate to reconcile mankind to the mysteries of mortality, and to the sanctions of law and duty. Mr. Caine has a taste for archæology, especially for its application to the study of architectural monuments and their significant decorations. Without such a taste and desire of such interesting knowledge, it is perhaps scarcely worth while for anyone, who is neither a sportsman in quest of big game nor a meddler in disputes about the Indian system of administration, to travel in that part of the world. But one need not be a very learned Orientalist, now that we have so many instructive English treatises on the history, the religions, the arts and literatures, and the philosophies of India, to inspect with profit the various sacred buildings described by Mr. Caine. He gives, among the multitude of objects worth notice in this respect, some account of the "tirthas," or shrines of pilgrimage, scattered over the whole of India, visiting which is the lifelong task of many Hindoo Yogis.

In his comments on Mohammedan architecture, we remark that Mr. Caine shares in the present admiration of the structures of the Shahjehan period, with their quasi-European ornamentation. As he is spending another winter in India, if he again visits Delhi, let him sit down quietly to view the old tomb of Altamsh, at the Kutab, or the Ala-ud-din Darwaza, or the Kutab Minar itself. Again, in Indrapur, if he studies the refined beauty of Shir Shah's Musjid, by far the finest Musjid in India, he can scarcely fail to see the superior beauty of the ornament there. By Shahjehan's time, indeed, Mohammedan architecture had gone a long way to its decline. Its sudden deterioration from the time of Akbar—taking Futehpur Sikri as an example of his period—to the reign of Shahjehan is a notable change. The introduction of European artists at that time partly accounts for it, but does not explain everything. Mr. Caine mentions Austin de Bordeaux as the "reputed architect of the Taj Mahal." But there is now very good authority for stating that the architect was Geronimo Verroneo, who, being an Italian, was probably the introducer of the "pietra dura," or Florentine mosaic, now known to the natives as "munubut karee." The Sultan of Turkey had sent an architect to Shahjehan. This man's name was Eesa Mohamed Effendi, and he is said to have produced a design which Shahjehan approved; but the Taj is not constructed on the lines of architecture practised in Constantinople, which throws some slight doubt as to whether Eesa Mohamed's design was followed. The evidence which has been found would make it probable that many designs were submitted—among others, that of Geronimo, who was for years employed to superintend the erection; but he died at Agra before the building was completed.

The last chapter of this book, on the North-West Frontier and its defences, is written by the Hon. G. N. Curzon. The volume is furnished with two very elaborate maps of Northern and Southern India: it is adorned with above 250 original illustrations, which do credit to the artists employed.

With the Beduins: A Narrative of Journeys and Adventures in Unfrequented Parts of Syria. By Gray Hill. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—Wanderings performed by Mr. Gray Hill and his wife in three successive years, 1888 the first, beyond the frontiers of Palestine, but with the region of biblical archæology, and often in the neighbouring Desert, are narrated in this interesting volume. East of the Dead Sea and the Jordan, thence northward to Damascus, and on to the ruins of Palmyra, travelling is conducted by primitive methods; and this lady and gentleman had to make acquaintance with several tribes of Beduin Arabs, with whom they experienced some adventures not likely to befall a company of Cook's tourists. Their first expedition was directly east of Jerusalem, at no very great distance, to Heshbon, among the Adwan tribe, to the Mount Nebo of Moses, to Amman, Es-Salt, and Jerash, where are some ruins of the Roman period, thence in the forest part of Gilead and on the plain of the Hauran; returning to the Gadara shores east of the Lake of Galilee. The Palestine shores west of the Lake, hallowed to Christians by the holiest recollections, with Mount Tabor and Nazareth, were also visited that year. In 1889 Mr. and Mrs. Gray Hill proceeded from Jerusalem to Damascus, and made a further journey on horseback with tents and baggage-mules, escorted by Sheikh Nasr of the local Anezeh tribe north-east over the desert, to view the ruins of famous Palmyra. These, from the romantic story of Queen Zenobia, must ever be attractive to the cultivated imagination. They are well illustrated by plates from good photographs; such chapters of the book afford desirable knowledge. It is hardly worth while to repeat and answer the question, Did Solomon build Tadmor, or Palmyra? That splendid Greco-Syrian city belongs to the second and third centuries of the Christian era. In their expedition of 1890, south-east of the Dead Sea, the author and his wife, attempting to pass through Moab to Edom and the rock-cut ancient city of Petra, were beset with annoying obstacles. The Ghawarineh, in one direction, and the Keraki, in another, perfidious extortioners, Sheikh Saleh, Sheikh Khalil, and other covetous or jealous gatekeepers of unfrequented roads, behaved very ill to these travellers. They who were stopped, threatened, detained some days, and compelled to pay ransom, despite Mr. Iethaby, the resident missionary, and regardless of the Turkish Government. Kerak, or Kir of Moab, is a place ill-famed for such outrages. Its Beduins, mustering 1600 or 2000 well-armed horsemen, fear no punishment from the feeble officials of Jerusalem, and deride a British Consul. Further, the road to Petra was forbidden by fighting between Sheikh Arar there and the turbulent Howeytat tribe. Mr. and Mrs. Gray Hill came back. A good map assists the comprehension of these Syrian travels.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Any new book by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson we now buy as a matter of course, and with entire disregard of the judgment of the critics. It is thus of small moment that a volume of "Ballads" (Chatto and Windus) which comes to us bound in buckram, uniform with the "New Arabian Nights" and "Virginibus Puerisque," cannot fairly be said to contain ballads at all, but rather narrative poems of not superlative excellence. The larger part of Mr. Stevenson's new volume is occupied with a legendary story which he has picked up in the South Sea Islands, and which will at least interest the student of comparative mythology. But it is interesting to the general reader as well. In the days of old, a youth named Tāmātā went, by the advice of his mother, to offer a present of fish to the King of Taiárapu. On the journey he was beguiled into the hut of one Rahéro, who secretly removed the best portion of the fish, allowed the flies to collect on the remainder, and then, covering it up, sent the boy on his way. The lad was slain by his indignant sovereign, and the vengeance of the boy's mother runs in a measure on parallel lines with the vengeance of Kriemhild in the "Nibelungenlied," only the "murder grim and great" is otherwise effected. The King and people of Taiárapu are invited to a feast, where, when they are satiated with abundant food, the house is fired and all are destroyed. Not all. The escape of Rahéro from the burning building gives us one of the most dramatic incidents in the narrative.

To the series of poets in one-volume form, which already includes "Wordsworth" and "Matthew Arnold," Messrs. Macmillan have just added "Shelley," with an introduction by Professor Dowden. One doubts if publisher or editor has been well advised in making that introduction entirely biographical. There is less difficulty nowadays in finding readers for a "Life" of Shelley—or, indeed, of any other great writer, than of finding readers for his poems, and Professor Dowden has done little more than to furnish the main facts of his large and deservedly popular biography of Shelley—a task which could perhaps have been almost equally well done by a writer of less distinction of style and critical insight. Adequate criticism of Shelley's poetry, in spite of the multiplicity of books on the subject of Shelley, the boy and man, is on the other hand rare—very rare. We could have wished that Professor Dowden had supplied it here. Referring to Arnold's well-known reference to Shelley as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain," he remarks that the charm of the phrase must not render us insensible of its remoteness from the fact. This, however, is pretty well the extent of Dr. Dowden's criticism, although his sketch of the poet is, of necessity, sympathetic and just.

Professor Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics" (Macmillan) has long been acknowledged by lovers of poetry to be the most valuable book of its kind. That it could not quite succeed in justifying the claim of its editor that it included "all the best original lyrical poems and songs in our language, and none beside the best," may be assumed from a comparison of the edition of 1861 with that just published in larger type, presumably for readers whose eyes have waxed dim in the interval of thirty years. In the 1891 issue of the "Golden Treasury" there are forty-three poems not included in the edition of 1861. That it has only been thought necessary to omit five of those originally selected says much for Professor Palgrave's critical judgment at the time the "Golden Treasury" was first compiled. There will, nevertheless, be considerable difference of opinion as to the wisdom of omitting three of Shelley's poems in the new edition, and of including Cowper's "Castaway." Of the forty-three added poems several are by Sir Philip Sidney and Thomas Campion, three or four by William Blake, and two by Henry Francis Lyte, who is best known to the public as the author of the hymn "Abide with me." It is not quite certain that a library edition of the "Golden Treasury" was wanted. The book is essentially one for the pocket and for companionship in holiday tours. Nevertheless, book collectors will be delighted with the hand-made paper issue, to all the five hundred copies of which the editor has attached his signature.

We smile now at the statement of Sir James Mackintosh to the effect that "Gibbon might have been cut out of a corner of Burke's mind without his missing it." Burke is still a very considerable force in English thought; but Gibbon's History evokes an enthusiasm second only to the work of his arch-enemy Boswell. Dean Milman has edited and Cardinal Newman has praised it. The "Memoirs and Correspondence of Gibbon" is, however, a less popular book than the "Decline and Fall." It has seen but few editions, and by the light of our increased knowledge of the eighteenth century it sadly wants re-editing. Under these circumstances it is to be regretted that Mr. Henry Morley has added it to the "Carisbrooke Library" (Routledge and Sons). His edition may stand in the way of a better book, and is absolutely valueless in itself. A large number of Gibbon's letters, including the interesting correspondence with Dr. Priestley, are omitted, as well as one or two of Lord Sheffield's most important notes, and anything in the shape of original research into the life of a century ago is evaded in a curious manner. "Why seek," says Professor Morley, "to restore allusions to gossip of the town then living and now dead? Lord Sheffield had, like Gibbon, a strong objection to the perpetuation of small talk, and by his will he positively forbade any further publication of matter contained in his collection of Gibbon's letters and papers. That injunction has been respected. No useful purpose could be served by printing more."

Helena Faucit, Lady Martin, continues, in the January number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, her pleasant sketches of Shakspeare's Women, with an account of her impersonation of Hermione in "The Winter's Tale." She first appeared in the part accompanied by Macready, and she tells us that her imagination was so absorbed by what she felt was in Hermione's heart that she had no eyes for any but Leontes. As "there is a pleasure in poetic pains, which only poets know," so there is a pleasure in the actor's pains, which only actors know, who have to deal with the "high actions and high passions" of which Milton speaks. Unless they know these pains, and feel a joy in knowing them, their vocation can never rise to the level of an art.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is about to publish a series of short and simple sketches of children whom she has known and found interesting, entitled "Children Who Have Made Stories." She has also two partly written novels and two unfinished plays in hand.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet of America, has just entered his eighty-fourth year. X.

OBITUARY.

THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

The Most Noble Louisa, Duchess of Northumberland, died at Alnwick Castle on Dec. 18. Her Grace was eldest daughter and coheirress of Mr. Henry Drummond, M.P., F.S.A., of Albury Park, Surrey (of the house of Strathallan), by Lady Henrietta, his wife, daughter of the ninth Earl of Kinnoull; was born Oct. 22, 1813, and married, May 26, 1845, Algernon George, present Duke of Northumberland, K.G., and leaves two sons—Henry George, Earl of Percy, who sits in the House of Lords in his father's Barony of Lovaine, and Lord Algernon Malcolm Arthur Percy, both of whom are married, and have issue.

SIR PETER TAIT.

Sir Peter Tait, Knight, D.L., died at Batoum, in Russia, on Dec. 15, from inflammation of the lungs. He had resided abroad for some time. He was born in 1828, the son of Mr. Thomas Tait of Lerwick, Shetland, and became a leading merchant in Limerick, where he opened the Limerick Army Clothing Factory. He was also proprietor of the great establishment of Cannock and Co., and started a line of steamers from London to Buenos Ayres. He was elected Mayor of Limerick three years in succession, and stood unsuccessful contests for the representation of Limerick City and Orkney. He married, in 1853, Rose, daughter of Mr. William Abraham of Fort Prospect. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him in 1868.

GENERAL SIR FRANK TURNER, K.C.B.

General Sir Frank Turner, K.C.B., Colonel Commandant Royal Artillery, died on Dec. 19, in his seventy-eighth year. He entered the Bengal Artillery in 1830, and attained the rank of General in 1877. His services included the Afghan campaign and the Indian Mutiny—Delhi, Lucknow, and Cawnpore. For the former he had the medal and was mentioned in the despatches; for the latter, he received the thanks of the Governor-General and the medal with three clasps. From 1864 to 1874 he was Inspector-General of Ordnance in Bengal. He was created K.C.B. in 1886. Sir Frank married, first, in 1845, Mary Jane, daughter of Mr. Gibbon, of Shapere, Bengal; secondly, in 1864, Marianne Thérèse, daughter of Mr. Richard Leyburn Burne, of Leicester; and thirdly, in 1879, Harriet Emeline, daughter of Major Wilton, and widow of General S. Thacker, Bengal Army.

THE REV. CHANCELLOR WEBSTER.

The Rev. George Webster, D.D., Rector of St. Nicholas, Cork, an eminent Churchman, died on Dec. 17, in his sixty-first year. At the early age of eighteen he attracted the attention of Archbishop Whately, and became Curate of Donnybrook, whence, several years ago, he was appointed Rector of St. Nicholas. Here he had a very distinguished career, and was the first to take an active interest in the development of the National schools in the Church of Ireland parishes. Ever deeply concerned in the education question, he brought into existence the Berkeley Hall, for the use of students attending Queen's College, Cork.

MR. COLERIDGE KENNARD.

Mr. Coleridge Kennard died at his residence in Upper Grosvenor-street, on Christmas Day, from exhaustion. He was the eldest son of Mr. John P. Kennard, banker, and they were both partners in the firm of Messrs. Heyward, Kennards, and Co., Lombard-street. When that firm became a joint-stock bank, Mr. Coleridge Kennard was appointed managing director, in which capacity he acted for two years, and then retired. He contested Salisbury five times as a Conservative.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dowager Lady Croft (Jane Lateward), widow of M. Jacques Delpierre, of Boulogne-sur-Mer, in her eighty-fourth year.

The Rev. W. Tyler, D.D., so well known for his philanthropic and religious labours in the East of London. He was born in 1812, a brother of the late Sir James Tyler.

Mary, Mrs. Mundella, wife of the Right Hon. Anthony John Mundella, F.R.S., on Dec. 14, after a brief illness. She was daughter of Mr. William Smith of Kibworth Beauchamp, Leicestershire, and was married in 1844.

Torquill Macleod, Lieutenant R.N., drowned in H.M.S. Serpent, on the night of Nov. 10, aged twenty-eight. He was second son of the late Captain Robert Bruce Aeneas Macleod of Cadboll, and Invergordon Castle, Scotland, by Ellen Augusta, his wife, daughter of Sir John Willoughby, Bart.

Mr. Edward Loyd of Lillesden, Hawkhurst, Kent, J.P. and D.L., on Dec. 21. He was the second son of the late Mr. Edward Loyd of Coombe House, Surrey, banker, was born April 19, 1820, and married, in 1846, Caroline Louisa, eldest daughter of Mr. John Frederic Foster of Kempstone, Bedfordshire, and leaves issue.

Lady Frances Elizabeth Higginson, widow of General George Powell Higginson, Colonel of the 94th Foot, and second daughter of Francis Jack Needham, Earl of Kilmorey, on Dec. 22, at The Croft, Great Marlow, in her ninety-ninth year. The birth of this venerable lady carries one back to the last century. Her parents were married more than a hundred years ago.

Lady Sarah Lindsay, V.A., a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen, on Dec. 16, at Marine-parade, Brighton, aged seventy-seven, only daughter of John, third Earl of Mexborough, by Anne, his wife, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Hardwicke. She was born in 1813, and married, in 1845, the Hon. Sir James Lindsay, K.C.M.G., who died in 1874, second son of the twenty-fourth Earl of Crawford.

Mr. William John, the well-known naval architect, on Dec. 26, at Madrid, at the age of forty-five. He was one of the first students of the Royal School of Naval Architecture and Marine Engineering, and made the calculation for the first curves of stability for a ship ever constructed. He calculated the stability of the ill-fated Captain, and pointed out the dangers to which she was liable a short time before she was lost. After passing out of the Royal School of Naval Architecture, he was for some years employed in the Construction Department at the Admiralty, and thence passed to Lloyd's Register Society.

Mr. Alexander Thomas Maclean of Ardgour, in the county of Argyll, Bengal Civil Service, suddenly, on Dec. 14, in his fifty-sixth year. He married, in 1875, Selina Philippa, daughter of Mr. William Stephens Dicken, and leaves issue. The Macleans of Ardgour are a distinguished branch of the family of Maclean, descended from the famous Gilleann-Tuidh. The gentleman whose death is announced was son of Alexander Maclean of Ardgour, J.P. and D.L., by his wife, the eldest daughter of Sir John Dalrymple, Bart., and grandson of Colonel Alexander Maclean, the thirteenth Maclean of Ardgour in direct succession.

Mr. William Lant Carpenter, on Dec. 23, at Craven Park, Harlesden. The deceased gentleman, who was a son of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, was devoted to scientific research, and was a member of the Institute of Electrical Engineers, and was one of the managers of the School for Electric Engineering in

Princes-street, Hanover-square. He was well known as a lecturer at the Regent-street and Finsbury Polytechnics, and also at many other metropolitan institutions; and rather more than a year ago he went with two other gentlemen, on behalf of the New England Company, to inspect the working of their Christianising schemes among the Red Indians in North America. Mr. Carpenter was forty-nine years of age.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

SORRENTO (Dawlish).—Your name was omitted by an oversight, and appears below. The solution sent is not the author's, but is as effective.

A GWINNER (Seaford).—We have no note of your solution of No. 2432, but if it differs from the one published you are wrong. In No. 2430 B to Q B 4th will not answer.

Dr F St (Cambridge).—Unfortunately there is no escape, 1. Q to B sq, Kt takes P; 2. Q to B 4th (ch), K to Q 3rd; 3. Kt to Kt 5th (mated).

W R Burgess (Cyprus Chess Club).—Thanks for card of invitation and report of the score.

W BARRETT.—Your problem is marked for early insertion.

E B SCHWANN (Wimbledon).—In the variation K takes P, White can proceed 2. Q to Kt 3rd (ch), B interposes; 3. R mates—a dual continuation which is fatal.

CARSLAKE W Wood (Plymouth).—Thanks.

A NEWMAN (Camden Town).—Your problem shall be examined shortly. Thanks for the tone of your note.

R H ORILLIA.—Please send your problem on a diagram.

J W PYMUS (Staines).—Your three-mover can be solved by 1. R takes P, B takes Kt, 2. Q takes Kt P, and mates next move. If B to Q sq, 2. R to B 7th (ch), and 3. Kt mates.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2430 and 2431 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur) of No. 2433 from J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2434 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.), L Schlu (Vienna), It Ranoclas, and Rev John Willis (Barnstable, Mass.); of No. 2435 from L Schlu, G E H, L Desanges (Rome), W Barrett, E G Boys, W Hirst, T Tidmarsh, and A N P (Brecon); of No. 2436 from W Barrett, G Joicey, R Tidmarsh, A N Brayslaw (Scarborough), W R B (Plymouth), Captain J A Challice, Torrebesse, and E Hygott (Toss).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2437 received from D McGov (Galway), Dawn, E Loudon, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), C A Plaister, W David (Cardiff), E E H, T Roberts, Herbert Clowin (Edmonton), T G (Ware), Sorrento (Dawlish), W R B (Plymouth), Ahlin, G E Perugini, J Coal, R H Brooks, A Newman, S Robertshaw (Scarborough), Martin F, Shadforth, J D Tucker (Leeds), N Harris, W R Itallien, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), R Worters (Canterbury), B D Knox, W H D Henvey, G Joicey, and New Forest.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2435.—By Dr. STEINGASS.

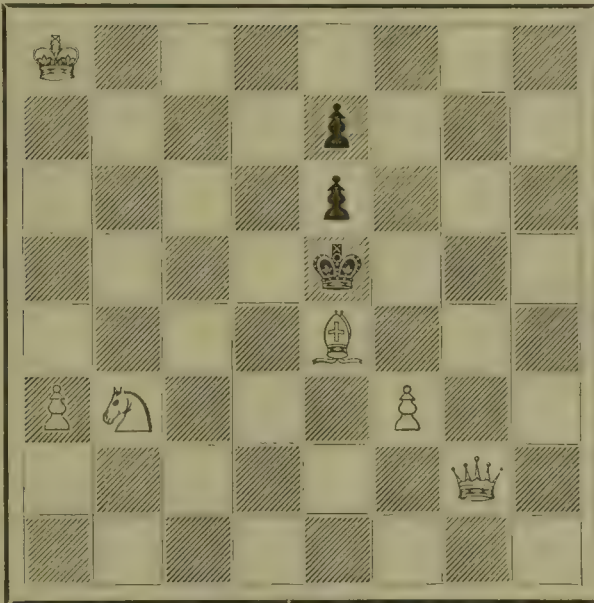
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to K sq K takes P
2. Kt (at R 5th) takes P (ch) K to Kt 3rd
3. Q to R 5th. Mate.

This problem can also be solved by 1. Q to Q B sq, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2439.

By P. G. L. F.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN INDIA.

Game played at Bombay between Messrs. J. BENJAMIN and A. C. OWEN.

(Philidor's Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 3rd
3. P to Q 4th Kt to Q B 3rd
4. B to Q Kt 5th B to Q 2nd
5. B takes Kt B takes B
6. P to Q 5th B to Kt 4th
7. Kt to Q B 3rd B to R 3rd
8. B to Kt 5th B to K 2nd
9. P to K R 4th P to K R 3rd
10. B to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
11. Kt to R 2nd Castles

Very injudicious, in the face of the coming attack on the King's side. Q to Q 2nd, with a view of casting Queen's side, is better.

12. P to K Kt 4th
The beginning of an attack ably maintained throughout the game.

12. Kt to R 2nd
13. P to Kt 5th P takes P
14. B takes P B takes B
15. P takes B Q takes P

CHESS IN LEAMINGTON.

Game played between Signor ASPA and the Rev. J. COKER.

(King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE (Signor A.) BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. P to K B 4th B to Q B 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q 4th
4. P takes Q P P to K 5th
5. Q to K 2nd Kt to K B 3rd
6. P to Q 4th B to Q 3rd
The commencement of Black's troubles. He should have Castled, and, if P takes B, P takes Kt; Q takes P, R to K sq (ch), with a good game.
7. P to Q B 4th B to Q Kt 5th (ch)
8. B to Q 2nd B takes B
9. Kt takes B Castles
10. Kt takes K P Kt takes Kt
11. Q takes Kt R to K sq
12. Kt to K 5th P to K B 3rd

Mr. J. H. Blackburne gave one of his blindfold exhibitions, on Saturday, Dec. 20, at the Cyprus Chess Club, Cheapside, having for his opponents six members of the club. The result was that he won 3, drew 1, and lost 2.

A team consisting of fourteen chessplayers from the National Liberal Chess Club played a match with a corresponding force of the City Liberal Club at the premises of the latter, on Dec. 13. After a keen struggle, watched with much interest by a number of spectators, victory rested with the Nationalists by 7½ games to 6½ for their opponents.

The Rev. G. A. McDonnell has accepted an invitation to visit the Plymouth Chess Club towards the end of January, when he will give an exhibition of simultaneous play.

In the City of London Club tournament, now in progress, the prizes are said to be the largest ever offered in an amateur chess contest. The first prize, presented by Mr. Steel, member of the Council of India, is ten guineas; the second prize, presented by Mr. Kershaw, president of the club, is eight guineas, followed by prizes of £6, £5, £4, £3 10s., £3, £2 10s., £2 10s., and £2 5s., and £2 2s. Mr. Moenita adds a special prize of £4, and two other donors add £1 10s. and £1 1s. The tournament will be followed by a contest for the Gastineau Challenge Vase, value £35, accompanied by a money prize of £5 5s.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

In my reference in last month's "Look Round" to Dr. Koch's researches concerning the cure of consumption, I remarked that possibly by the time these notes came to be written we should be in a position to criticise more fully the procedure which the German scientist adopts. The New Year has come, and as yet we know nothing more regarding the exact nature of Dr. Koch's lymph than before. Experiments, however, are being pursued at wellnigh every great hospital, both at home and abroad, with the view of testing the powers of the lymph to ferret out cases of tuberculosis, and, of course, approximately to cure them. As far as research has proceeded, Dr. Koch's experiments have been fully confirmed in so far as the diagnosis of tubercle is concerned. That is to say, his lymph, injected into the tissues of a patient, speedily shows by its reaction if tubercle be present. This is, of course, a valuable enough result, in so far as the discovery of tubercular disease is concerned, but as regards the reality of the consumption-cure a more guarded opinion must be expressed.

It is necessary once again to warn the public that many months must pass before adequate observations can be made on the curative value of Dr. Koch's lymph, and it is highly probable that, as Koch himself alleges, the lymph will be found efficacious only in cases of lung-trouble which are in an incipient stage. Nor will the remedy ever be likely to supersede the ordinary treatment of the disease, as at present practised, by means of appropriate foods and other hygienic conditions, and by removal to a suitable climate. The one feature of the late Berlin discovery most to be regretted, indeed, is the false hope of cure which must have been raised in the breast of many a sufferer far gone in chronic consumption. Such a result is, of course, to be looked for, in the case of every discovery which is announced in the way of healing measures. Meanwhile, science works on quietly and patiently, investigating disease and discussing and comparing means of cure. In a year or two, perchance, we shall be able fully and completely to estimate the exact value of Dr. Koch's researches. Till then, those who are wise will possess their souls in patience—and wait.

Recently, Dr. W. Russell, of Edinburgh, laid before the medical profession an account of certain interesting researches he had made into the parasite of cancer. Needless to say, any light which can be thrown upon the origin and causes of this dreaded disease is most welcome to everybody, and to lay and professional circles alike. Cancer seems largely to consist of a perversion, if so I may term it, of certain natural structures of the body, and chiefly of that tissue which is seen in the skin and in the lining membrane of the digestive system, and to which the name of "epithelium" is applied. Dr. Russell, in the course of his researches, noted that certain bodies of microscopic size seen in cancerous tumours became stained differently from the other parts of the growths. These bodies he regards as living forms, which probably belong to the fungustribe of plants. He reminds us that the familiar yeast-plants, which produce fermentation, belong to this group. If the cancer-parasite should be proved to be of fungoid type, then it is conceivable that the changes of tissue which result in the production of cancer may be compared to those which the yeast-plant brings about through its fermentative action. It will, indeed, be curious and interesting, as well as medically valuable, should Dr. Russell's views be confirmed by further research. In any case, such researches cannot fail to bring us nearer to the understanding of the cause of cancer; and knowledge of disease causation, it need not be added, is the only sure foundation for knowledge of disease cure.

Why are we right-handed? (as a rule) is a question which is more readily asked than answered. The late Charles Reade was wont to argue that we should all be ambidextrous, and it is, perhaps, strange that the use of the left hand for many of the acts and works of life is not more distinctly cultivated than is the case with us. It is true that many individuals are ambidextrous for certain duties. Piano-players, violinists, and others may be regarded as persons who have acquired, for certain actions in the way of playing, marvellous dexterity with the left hand. So, also, those who work with the microscope can use the left hand dexterously in the performance of many of the delicate operations which microscopic investigations involve. But all round left-handedness, associated with the ordinary right-handedness, is, I imagine, a very rare condition, and so we are thrown back on our original inquiry, "Why are we right-handed?"

It is well to bear in mind that each lobe or hemisphere of the cerebrum or "big brain" governs the opposite side of the body. As we are right-handed, we are therefore left-brained; and it is a fact that the left hemisphere is ordinarily developed in excess somewhat of the right one. I take it that there must be a nervous bias, so to speak, in the matter, and that, whatever heredity has had to do with the propagation of right-handedness, it has operated not on muscles alone, but on the nervous system as well. The latest researches which have been made with regard to this topic are those undertaken by an American savant, Professor J. M. Baldwin. His observations were made on his own child during the first year of life. It was observed that practically no preference for either hand was exhibited when no violent muscular exertions were made. Some 2187 experiments were chronicled, giving (in the case of free movements of the hands near the body) 585 cases of preference for the right and 563 cases for the left hand; while 1034 cases gave both hands. During the seventh and eighth months a decided tendency to employ the right hand in violent movements of reaching was noted. The left hand, it was seen, followed slowly the lead of the right, and, where bright colours formed the attraction, the right hand was used eighty-four times out of a total of eighty-six trials. The right-handed condition, it is remarked, would seem to have developed under pressure of muscular effort, aided, doubtless, I would add, by the nervous bias to which I have already referred.

These observations may serve to suggest an interesting field of study for scientifically minded parents. Most readers will remember Mr. Darwin's interesting observations made upon one of his own children, in the matter of intellectual and emotional development. His studies comprehended observations on the first appearance of emotional phases in the young infant, and are embodied in his most interesting work "The Expression of the Emotions." We may not all possess the knowledge or ardour of a Darwin; but there are few of us who, were we so minded, might not add largely to the data possessed by science regarding the development of our mental powers, through simple observation and notification of many of the most common phases of infant life.

IDYLIC HOURS.

Nature, in her sweet beneficence and boundless wealth, has given to most of us, at one time or other, delectable moments which for the time have possessed all our being, like celestial raptures, the memory of which can never fade away. The witchery of Bunyan's immortal dream is experienced more or less in the lives of us all, and he is a poor, hapless pilgrim indeed who, however footsore and weary, has never, in his journey, happened on the good shepherds of the Delectable Mountains, or has not caught, though it be with strained, hungry eyes, a momentary glimpse of the far-off realms of gold. All of us have gazed on scenery of exquisite beauty or lofty grandeur which now could ill be spared from our past, and whenever kindly Fortune has joined with Nature in enriching such scenes with a human interest, mayhap of haunting, clinging tenderness, they have become enshrined as sacred, imperishable pictures in the galleries of the soul.

And yet in all this fleeting panorama of a lifetime how few scenes have emerged from out the blurred and fading fragments of light and shadow, to remain indelibly perfect for all time! It will be found that those which are memorable and of enduring vividness have invariably been seen under strongly defined physical conditions. Interpretation, too, as to intensity or complexional tone has depended somewhat on the accidental feelings or emotions of the hour. There is one broad principle, however, which ever holds true. So far as scenery in nature or anything of great spectacular compass in art is concerned, if you carefully consider your experience you will find that the scenes which remain most vividly in your mind, to be recalled with entrancing fidelity, are those into which there enters the element of vivid light in some relationship, either as against a dark background or as existing in relative contrast with surroundings more or less subdued—surroundings which throw the immediate picture into impressive relief. In our own experience, whenever, in some quiet, restful hour, we turn over the pages of Memory's fascinating scrap-book, we find that all the memorable pictures which we can recall are painted in some vivid or peculiar effect of light. It is true there may come up here and there a scene of ineffable sadness, sacred to our own souls alone, and into which no light comes; but the general principle as indicated is final. Of such scenes in our own mind are the Lake of Geneva on a bright July day, when it was impossible to say whether that bewitching expanse of calm, transparent water or the cloudless stretch of the crystalline sky above was of the deeper blue; the long stretch of the Bernese Oberland as seen from the tower of Bern Cathedral, including the mighty Silberhorn, Wetterhorn, Monk, and Jungfrau—a magnificent panorama of thirty snow-crowned summits, once seen, never from the pages of memory to pass away; and Cologne Cathedral, lifting itself high in solitary grandeur above that long stretch of plain between Aix-la-Chapelle and the Rhine, and standing all bathed in the lurid splendours of a fiery autumn sunset that seemed to fall in molten streams down its spires and windows and huge bastions of strangely carved stone, till the crimson floods became opal, then died away into a deep brown, and this sublime figure, with all nature around, faded into those tender tints of quiet green, brown, and grey which we find sleeping in mediæval tapestries, and which are so peace-giving to the soul and eye.

But we need not go so far afield in search of scenes or incidents which have given us delectable moments when first they flashed upon us, and which remain as precious memories

for all time. The dearest idyllic hours which possibly we may possess perchance have come upon us under the most modest conditions, so kindly are we dealt with as to the magic of circumstance and the unstinted measure of our allotted joys. When we recall these scenes, we find that each one is to us the source of endless happiness. It may be a long stretch of moonlit waters and the music of a voice which then first fell upon our ears, but which has ever since filled so much the perfected peace and gladness of our life; or the wild, gurgling overflow of the nightingale's song, telling again to the rising stars the sweet whispered secrets of our words; or the delightful rustle of a silken robe in a dear old rose-garden, then hands lingering in each other's clasp, and low, sweet words in the softening twilight, while high above the massive grey church-tower hung bright Hesperus like a lamp from heaven.

These memories, glorified as they now are when seen through the magic medium of imagination and fancy, are to us the well-springs of perennial joy. That nightingale which gladdened with his song the fair, listening earth through all the summertime is surely with us still. There is a charming solace in that fine old-world delusion that song-birds never die. The doctrine is poetically true in spite of what Audubon, Thoreau, and dear old Gilbert White of Selborne may say to the contrary; and it is a pleasing fancy to wonder whether this same nightingale was wont to sing in the ears of Solomon, as the clear light of the full Syrian moon shimmered on the pools of Heshbon, or while the evening star shone like a lustrous gem over the brow of Olivet. Or, perchance, this same song was trilled o'er the fields of Boaz on the green slopes of Bethlehem's hills, where, on that autumn evening, it—

Found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oftentimes hath
Charmed magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

This immortality of the bird and this splendid independence of time and space are delightfully described by Leigh Hunt, in speaking of the "charmed magic casements" in Keats's immortal Ode: "This beats Claude's 'Enchanted Castle' and the story of King Beder in the 'Arabian Nights.' You do not know what the house is, or where, or who the bird. Perhaps a king himself. But you see the window open on the perilous sea, and hear the voice from out the trees in which it is nested, sending its warble over the foam. The whole is at once vague and particular, full of mysterious life. You see nobody, though something is heard; and you know not what of beauty or wickedness is to come over that sea."

Happily, all of us have, more or less, these idyllic hours. Nature, in her largeness of heart and sweet poetic justice, has given them to all mortals alike, to peasant and peer, to lowly cot and lordly hall. They have furnished some of the sweetest themes of which our poets have sung. The lyric poetry of the "North Country" is especially rich in humble pictures, which for tenderness and love have never been surpassed. Of these may be named Burns's "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," "Afton Water," and "Logan Braes," and Lady Ann Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray," a ballad over which more pathetic tears have been shed than over any other song that has been sung, from the days of Sappho to the present hour. And what could surpass, for delightful idyllic innocence, that charming burn-side picture which Motherwell has given us in his "Jeanie Morrison," so sweet, so loyal, and so pure?—

Oh, mind ye, I've, how aft we left
The deavin', drowsome town,
To wander by the green burn-side,
And hear its waters croon?
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In silentness of joy, till baith
W' very gladness gat.
I wonder, Jeanie, often yet,
When sitting on that bank,
Cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think!
When baith bent down owre ae braid page,
W' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips upon thy lesson, but
My lesson aye in thee!

And so the story of that burn-side is told among us still from day to day, and will be told so long as joyous streams glide in sunshine and shadow by our wooded glens and green pastoral dales, and so long as human hearts seek and blessedly find each other in the mystic realms of love! A. L.

MÜNCHAUSEN SCIENCE.

Colonel Locher, to whom we are "indebted" for a railway to the summit of Pilatus, has submitted plans for a railway up the Jungfrau. These plans are declared by the Swiss engineers to be more practicable than those of his rivals, Herr Köchlin and Herr Trautweiler. Colonel Locher proposes to bore and build two parallel tunnels, each about ten feet in diameter, up which cylindrical cars will be driven by means of compressed air. A correspondent of the *Standard* points out, however, that whereas the railways up the Rigi and Pilatus afford more or less exhilarating "views" on the journey, the prospect of three miles and a quarter of almost continuous tunnel will have considerably less attraction for the majority of tourists. Pilatus, again, is little more than half the height of the Jungfrau (Pilatus 5906 ft., Jungfrau 13,671 ft.), and while the traveller is really carried within a few yards from the summit of the former mountain, where a good hotel dinner awaits him, in the case of the Jungfrau there must still remain some twelve hundred feet of precipitous rock to scale, with standing room at the top for less than twenty persons.

An engineering scheme even more calculated to strike the imagination has once more come to the front. The proposed bridge between France and England has long exercised the attention of French men of science, and a systematic survey of the sea bottom was undertaken, under the direction of the French Government, by M. Renaud, hydrographic engineer, assisted by M. Duchanoy, mining engineer. Operations commenced on board a Boulogne tug, the *Ajax*, which was supplied with the necessary apparatus for sounding and boring. The English Admiralty having intimated that it would prefer the observations near the British coast to be made from an English vessel, the surveyors afterwards went on board the *Jubilee*, placed at their disposal by Sir Edward Watkin, President of the Submarine Tunnel Company. Soundings and borings were taken from July 3 to Sept. 1, and the result of the investigations tends to prove that there is along the whole proposed line of the bridge a solid rocky bottom, and nowhere gravel, sand, clay, or mud. This implies a saving of about 50,000 millions of tons of metal, and there will only, it is suggested, be ninety-two piles instead of 112, as originally proposed.

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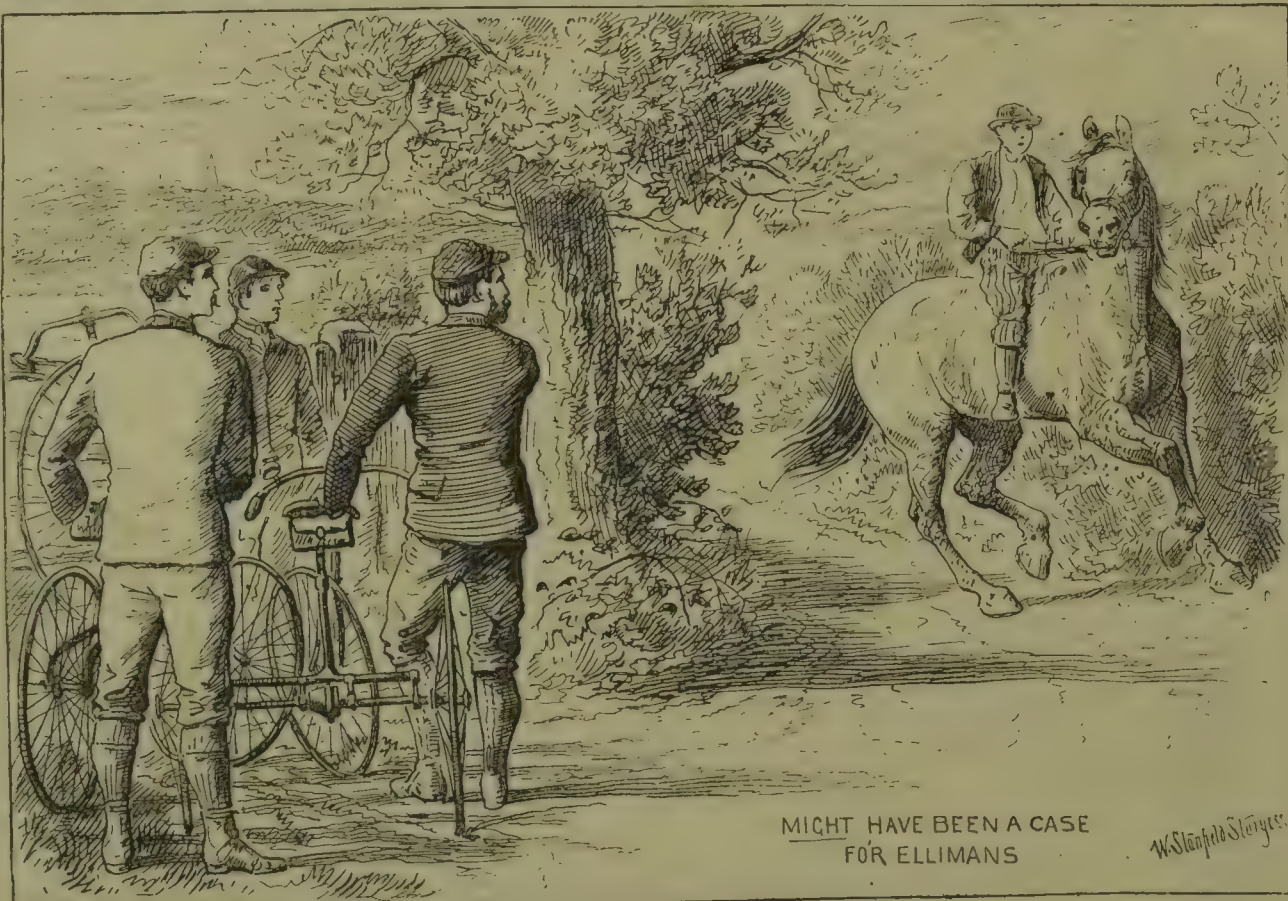
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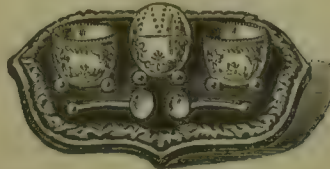
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1890) of the Right Hon. Amelia, Countess of Orkney, late of 26, Sussex-place, Regent's Park, who died on Nov. 11 last, was proved on Dec. 17 by Arthur Denis, Samuel De Vahl, the son, and Richard Dawes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £87,000. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her said son; and £7000 to her daughter, Louisa Esther, Baroness De Worms; and there are numerous specific bequests of jewellery, &c., to her said son and daughter; £200 each to her sister Cecilia, Lady Salomons, her son-in-law George, Baron De Worms, and her daughter-in-law Henrietta, the wife of her said son, to buy some souvenir of her; £5000 to her faithful friend, Mary Curtis; £250 to her executor, Mr. Dawes; and legacies to grandchildren and servants. The residue of her estate she gives to her said son.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Fife, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Oct. 18, 1888), with two codicils (dated Feb. 19, and Oct. 31, 1889), of the Right Hon. Francis Robert St. Clair Erskine, Earl of Rosslyn, who died at Dysart House, county Fife, on Sept. 6 last, granted to Sir Peter Arthur Halkett, Bart., the Dowager Countess of Rosslyn, the widow, John Oswald, Captain Charles Frederick St. Clair Anstruther Thomson, Ronald Craufurd Munro Ferguson, and Ralph Dundas, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 17, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £145,000.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the general disposition and settlement (executed Sept. 7, 1889) of Sir Archibald Douglas Stewart, Bart., J.P., D.L., of Grantully and Murtly, who died on Sept. 20 last at Murtly Castle, granted to Dame Hester Mary Stewart, the widow and sole executrix-nominate, was resealed in London on Dec. 19, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £240,000.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1890), with a codicil (dated Oct. 29 following), of Mr. William Marston Warden, J.P., late of Fairlawn, Westbourne-road, Edgbaston, and of Birmingham, iron-merchant, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on Dec. 18, by Walter Evers Warden and Arthur Warden, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £142,000. The testator leaves £700, his household furniture and effects (except pictures and wines), horses and carriages, and an annuity of £400 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Warden; his residence, Fairlawn, and £16,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life; £100 and an annuity of £50 to his sister, Mrs. Mary Browett; an annuity of £50 to his brother James; £32,000 to his son, Howard William; 105 Birmingham Corporation Water annuities, 100 Llandudno Improvement Commissioners annuities, and £13,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Louisa Sharpe, for life, she maintaining, clothing, educating, and supporting her children during their minorities, and then for her children in equal shares; and his interest in some houses in Glendoeth-crescent, Llandudno, subject to his said daughter's life interest therein, and to her power of appointment, to her children in equal shares. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons, Walter Evers and Arthur, in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 26, 1887), with two codicils (dated June 14, 1889, and Aug. 15, 1890), of Mrs. Mary de la Chere,

late of 116, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, temporarily residing at Hatchlands Park, Guildford, who died on Aug. 15 last at Soisy-sous-Etiolles, was proved in London, on Dec. 18, by the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, Q.C., P.C., the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The provisions of testatrix's will and codicils are wholly in favour of her four children, Cécile Marie Sophie, Baroness de Cassin, Eugène Gaston de La Chere, Winifred Marie Berthe de la Chere, and Marie Louise Gèneviève Alice Hornyold.

The will (dated April 29, 1885) of Mr. John Armstrong, M.D., late of Greenstreet Green, Kent, who died on Nov. 20, was proved on Dec. 17 by Alfred Caddick and William Henry Warner, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to the Gravesend Hospital; and there are bequests to his niece, Mary Armstrong, and to his housekeeper. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares. Certain sums advanced to his children are to be brought into account.

The will (dated March 19, 1890) of Mr. Archibald Forman, late of Pine Tree Hill, Camberley, Surrey, who died on Nov. 10, was proved on Dec. 19 by Mrs. Mary Ann Forman, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; an annuity of £200 to his son Archibald James Forman and Mary Ann, his wife, and to the survivor of them; and an annuity of £500 to his son John Ball Forman and Dora Margaret, his wife, and to the survivor of them. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, and then as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Dec. 20, 1878) of Mr. John Robson, formerly of Northumberland Wharf, Bishop's-road, Victoria Park, builder and contractor, and late of Tynemouth, Tottenham, who died on Oct. 23 last, was proved on Dec. 13 by John Read and George Lewis Wilson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £19,000. The testator bequeaths his household furniture and effects (except a few articles specifically bequeathed), £500, and two shares in the Guardian Fire and Life Insurance Company, to his wife; £100 each to his sisters, Mary Jane Gibson and Anne Luck; £500 to his executor Mr. G. L. Wilson; and £50 to his executor Mr. Read. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one half of the income to his wife, for life or until she shall marry again, and then £100 per annum to his wife's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Spencer, for life. As to the ultimate residue he gives one third each to his brother and sisters, Jasper Robson, Mary Jane Gibson, and Anne Luck.

The will (dated July 6, 1889) of Mr. Charles Moxon, late of Beach Cliff, Westgate-on-Sea, who died on Oct. 26 last, was proved on Dec. 1 by Charles Frederick Moxon, the son, William Quiller Orchardson, R.A., and Mrs. Ellen Orchardson, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator bequeaths his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Jane Moxon, and directs the net income of his personal estate to be paid to her for life, but if she marries again £500 per annum only is to be paid to her. The residue of his personal estate is to be equally divided between his said son and daughter.

The will of Mr. John Baruh Lousada, J.P., late of Redcliffe, Barnfield, Exeter, who died on Nov. 17, was proved on Dec. 16

by the Rev. Theophilus John Ponting, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9705.

The will of Mr. John Fincher Trist, J.P., D.L., late of Tristford, Harberton, Devon, who died on Nov. 5, at 13, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Jane Warren Trist, the widow, and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8141.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Christmas, with all its troubles, its blackmail, its indigestion, its disorganising of daily life, and its duty parties, has at least one compensating advantage, in the tender touch of charity that it lays on many a heart. Special appeals from all sorts of societies for aiding the poor and unfortunate abound; and among them the claims of little children are specially sure of attention at this season, when the divinity of childhood is brought to Christian thoughts.

A particularly interesting effort is the annual collection and distribution of toys organised by Mr. Labouchere. These are provided by kindly ladies, and are given away in children's hospitals and in those even more sad temporary homes for little ones, the workhouse schools—more sad because the tiny invalids may soon be well; but the other poor mites will never know a home, and a mother, and the free, varied life of ordinary childhood. This year Mr. Labouchere has received no fewer than 22,000 toys, mostly dolls, to which the "cracker" manufacturer, Mr. Tom Smith, has added 20,000 of his wares, and an anonymous donor has supplied 10,000 new sixpences. It is pleasant to think of the great mass of kindly feeling for poverty and weariness that all this expresses.

Many of the dolls (which were shown at the Grosvenor Gallery before distributing) were most elaborately dressed, and my younger readers may like to hear a little about the costumes. The style of dress in vogue at various periods of history was accurately copied in some cases, while in others fancy dresses were chosen. A most attractive little boy doll was dressed as a carter, in an old-fashioned linen smock elaborately worked into a yoke; he was also properly supplied for muddy roads with canvas gaiters, and his hobnailed boots were a wonder, but close inspection showed that they were made of felt—brown for the leather and black dabs for the nails. Another little boy doll was very quaint, in the fashion of "a hundred years ago"—so, at least, his dresser described him, but I fancy that the costume really belonged to about sixty years since. He had a round close-fitting coat with a double breast, fastened over by two rows of metal buttons sloping in nicely from his shoulders to his waist, which was encircled by a wide belt. A linen frill fell over at the neck so as to form a deep collar, and there were similar frills at the wrists; his drab cloth trousers fitted as tight as possible, but were short, ending at the ankles. He had a companion in a girl in an "Empire" gown of terracotta satin, with the waist up at the arm-pits, a muslin fichu, and a little round turban of silk with a stiff feather standing in it upright.

Many of the dolls were dressed in really magnificent material: a little of it, of course, went all the way! An eighteenth-century lady, with a big hoop, had a sacque

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REFERENCE TABLE


A SCIENTIFIC CLASSIFICATION OF SOAPS.


BOILED SOAPS (Made at or above 212°F.)	HARD SOAP (Soda)	RESIN { <div> YELLOW PRIMROSE TRANSPARENT </div>	{ <div> Alkaline Made Sine Spirit </div>	{ <div> Made at low temperature from cheap fats, sugar, and strong lyes. </div>
	(Note.—Many of the ordinary Soaps of commerce are “doctored” with Soda Silicate, &c., to promote the incorporation of a lot of water.)	CURD (Tallow) { <div> REMELTED AND MILLED MEDICATED </div>	{ <div> Spirit Methylated </div>	{ <div> Usually Yellow Kitchen Soap treated with methylated spirit, sugar, &c. (Rarely contains glycerine.) </div>
		MOTTLED CASTILE	{ <div> Coloured with iron; watered, and heavily salted. </div>	
		BROWN WINDSOR	{ <div> Factory floor scrapings; colour due to bad fats and brown ochre. </div>	
	SOFT SOAP (Potash)	{ <div> Scouring Soap. Shaving Cream. </div>		
	SODA POTASH (Hard)	{ <div> Liquid Soaps. Shaving Soaps. Some Toilet Soaps. </div>	VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP.	
COLD PROCESS SOAP (Made below boiling point.)	{ <div> Milled Superfatted Dealkalised </div>	VINOLIA SOAP.		


 **The British Medical Journal**, Aug. 23, 1890, reports: “This is a well-manufactured, hard, superfatted soap. It is devoid of free caustic alkali, and free from excess of water and from adulterants. *The analytical statement submitted to us by the proprietors as showing the composition of the soap, we find to be correct.* It is agreeably and not overwhelmingly scented, the process having been carried out with care. ‘Vinolia’ Soap is of unquestionable excellence, and is much in favour with the profession.”

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 **The Hospital Gazette**: “We have tried ‘Vinolia’ Soap, and can certify that it is bland and unirritating, even to the most delicate skin.”

 **The London Medical Recorder**: “‘Vinolia’ Soap may be used even for the most irritable skin without the risk of producing excoriation, etc. It is highly spoken of by leading authorities for skin affections and tender skins.”

 **The Lancet**: “No free alkali; a distinct excess of free fat, odour delicate, an article of excellent quality.”

 **The Queen**: “Excellent from its purity, lathers freely, and is very lasting.”

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Vinolia Soap, *Floral*, 6d.; *Medical (Balsamic)*, 8d.; and *Toilet (Otto of Rose)*, 10d. per Tablet.

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Vinolia Cream (*A Plastic Emollient Cream for Itching, Chaps, Chilblains, Eczema, Sunburn, Roughness, etc.*), 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per Box.

Vinolia Powder (*A Soothing, Soluble, Rose Dusting Powder, for the Toilet, Nursery, Skin Irritation, etc.*) 1s. 9d., 3s. 6d., and 6s. per Box.

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of silver brocade on white, worn over a white-satin petticoat trimmed with rows of lace flounces up to the knees. Another had a mantle of red cloth, with loose sleeves hanging over from the shoulders to the feet, and made of red velvet quite splendidly embroidered with gold; this mantle, further, had a Medici collar lined with white feathers. She wore also a white felt hat edged with gold lace, and trimmed with white ostrich feathers, and she carried a feather muff; slightly visible only was her dress of white muslin and lace. Another lady doll had the sugar-loaf cap with a long white veil falling from it that was worn in the fourteenth century; and her dress was all in the same style, being of ruby velvet made with a tight-fitting body passing behind en princesse into a train, cut up at the sides to show an underskirt of white embroidered with gold; this polonaise had a tight-fitting sleeve, with a very long, pointed, open over-sleeve, falling from the elbow almost to the ground; round the waist, and reaching to the hem, was a jewelled girdle, and there was an edging everywhere of ermine.

These are only a very few of the most striking out of the vast number of dolls shown. One lady alone, Mrs. Talbot, sent one thousand dolls, and two others gave three hundred, while a great many ladies each contributed two or three dozen. Some people may be apt to think that the money and time so spent might have been better employed in providing food for the hungry and warmth for the cold among the little ones outside the temporary childish homes of plenty, but of sorrow, to which these toys will go. But the critics would hardly think so, could they see the joy diffused by the presents in places where joy is rare; for the child soul imperatively demands brightness, and answers to such a pleasure as these toys afford in a way that recalls to us the truth that nature needs not bread alone for true springing healthy life.

Talking of keeping warm, one cannot but feel that our poor might be much better provided in this respect than they are, if they would use the cheap means that they might command. For instance, the wooden shoes used by the French peasantry—and to some extent by our own Lancashire working-people—are incomparably more healthy

than the broken and sodden old leather boots, serving rather to hold than to exclude the wet, in which many of our poor children run about; while the sabots would cost only about a shilling per pair, and so could be renewed when needful. Fashion, alas! is masterful among the poor as well as among the rich, and when sabots were offered free by a charitable lady to the children attending one of the poorest of the London schools which was under my charge when I was a member of the London School Board, we found none who would dare to appear in the unfamiliar gear. Is it not a pity?

Again, there is brown paper. It is not every house-wife who appreciates the great virtues, in respect of warmth, of brown paper. If the poor, especially, could be led to avail themselves more freely of this extremely cheap substitute for woollen manufactures, there would be much suffering saved. Even ordinary newspaper, and, still more, brown paper, laid under a thin carpet, or under cocoanut matting, over a brick or stone floor, gives a surprising amount of protection from cold. Brown paper, cut to a proper shape and joined with tapes, makes a most effectual chest-preserver; while two sheets of it, with a thin layer of cotton wool roughly quilted between, are as warm as a blanket, and particularly good for poor old people afflicted with rheumatism. Naturally, it requires comparatively frequent renewal; but it is so very cheap that this is a small disadvantage.

There are two splendid pantomimes for the lucky youngsters who live in or near enough to London to enjoy those holiday delights: there is Drury-Lane, as a matter of course; and there is also the Crystal Palace, which has dresses and appointments that can well vie with those of the great central theatre. Those charming children's dances that have always been a feature of the Crystal Palace pantomimes are not done away with this time; no doubt the children are older than they used to be, but they are no bigger. There is a capital children's maypole dance, and another one of the little slaves in bright raiment in the Emperor of Morocco's palace, and yet another where the children are all dressed to represent the different "bell" flowers—blue-bells, daffodils, snow-drops, and lilies of the valley, the spirits of which are supposed to sing the famous refrain that Whittington

hears on Highgate Hill: for Dick Whittington is the subject. It is incontestable that the little dancers look thoroughly happy: if they did not, there would be no pleasure in watching their performance. It is no hardship to a child to dance. I once went to Madame Katti Lanner's schools, where all these little Crystal Palace performers are trained, and there I saw the smaller ones, when not actually practising, so that they might have sat down to rest, instead prancing about in corners to the music for their own sheer amusement—they could not keep still when the band struck up. Equally they look as though moving with enjoyment in their graceful evolutions on the Palace stage. It is a very well-written pantomime (Mr. Horace Lennard being the author), with nothing in it unsuitable for children, as the same class of amusement is apt to get in it on a London stage.

The National Indian Congress assembled at Calcutta on Dec. 26 for its first meeting. Pherozshah Mehta, a Parsee barrister, of Bombay, was elected president, and delivered the opening address.

Court Pastor Stöcker, whose name has been so long associated with the *Judenhetze*, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, Dec. 28, in the Berlin Dom, from the service of which he now retires. The church was full, but the Court pews quite empty.

An order was published in the *London Gazette* which repealed from the last day of the old year the dog-muzzling order in London and specified adjoining districts, and substituted the provision that dogs are to wear collars bearing the name and address of the owners.

The Czarevitch landed at Bombay on Dec. 23, and was received with the highest honours due to Royalty. A brilliant assemblage, including the civil and military authorities and the foreign Consuls, had gathered on the Apollo Bunder to welcome his Imperial Highness. The distinguished party at once drove to Government House, where they met with the warmest reception. Dense crowds lined the route, and the natives were evidently greatly impressed with the splendid uniforms of the Princes and their suites. His Imperial Highness will remain about three weeks in our Indian Empire.

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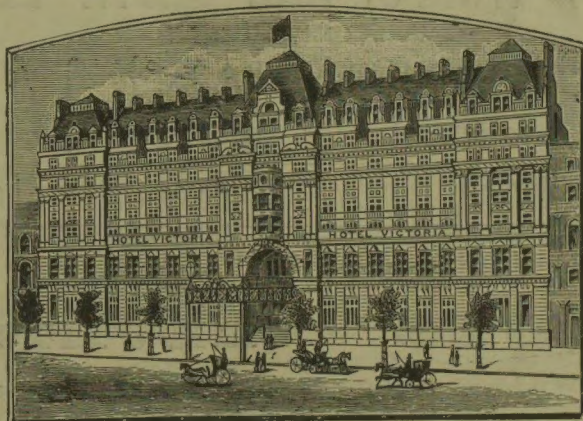
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HOME NEWS.

The Queen kept Christmas at Osborne, and will remain there with the Court till February. The Marchioness of Lorne is among her guests, and so is the new Dean of Windsor.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are, as usual, at Sandringham, with three of their children—the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princesses Victoria and Maud.

The year closed with frost and snow and abundant skating throughout the United Kingdom. The ice on all the principal sheets of water around London has been from six to three inches in thickness. Several fatal accidents are, however, reported from the provinces. At Stowmarket, in Suffolk, two little girls were drowned through the ice over the river giving way, and six other deaths are reported from Castle Douglas, Worcester, and Barnsley.

The result of the Kilkenny election has in no measure lessened Mr. Parnell's intention to maintain his position as the leader of a section of the Irish Party. He has not yet met Mr. William O'Brien, who, with Mr. Gill, has arrived in Paris. Mr. O'Brien has a strong personal attachment to his old leader, but he is vigorously urged by his colleagues in Ireland to make no concessions and hold no dealings with the deposed chieftain. Meanwhile, the struggle continues—the Catholic Church, which, according to Mr. John Morley, is the only

body in Ireland possessing any vitality, exerting itself against Mr. Parnell, while the extreme Nationalist sections, whose strongholds are in Cork and Dublin, and it is believed in Limerick, are steadfast in his favour. Archbishop Walsh has endeavoured to secure some modification of the attitude of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Evening Telegraph*, the two chief Nationalist dailies in Ireland, who are partisans of Mr. Parnell, but without success. He denies that he has invited the intervention of the Pope.

In a curious correspondence arising out of Mr. Healy's charge that Mr. Parnell foisted Captain O'Shea on the electors of Liverpool and Galway, Mr. Chamberlain writes to say that Mr. Parnell was backward in promoting Captain O'Shea's candidature for both these places, and that the Captain's claims were strongly urged by himself, while Mr. Parnell showed reluctance in acknowledging them. This is the latest light on a curious scandal.

The Scottish railway strike, which chiefly affects the Caledonian, the North British, and the Glasgow and South-Western Railways, continues, but the companies are obtaining some advantage in the contest, and are steadily supplying the places of the strikers. The men's immediate demands are, practically, the dismissal of three men and the right of conference, which the companies refuse, between the union officials and the directors. Behind these proposals, however, lies the wider plea for a ten-hours day. A Board of Conciliation

has been appointed, with the Lord Provost of Edinburgh at the head, and this body will endeavour to open negotiations with both parties. But at present both masters and men stand firm to their original position, and reject all talk of a compromise. About 9000 men are affected by the strike, which paralysed the Christmas traffic, but has since been powerless to stop a late and irregular but fairly steady passenger service. Working-class sympathisers allege unduly long hours, and complain of the companies' refusal to treat with their representatives; while the masters complain of an artificially fomented strike, and of tyrannical and coercive action on the part of the unions. The movement has affected the whole trade of Scotland, and almost bears the character of a national strike.

"General" Booth has suffered a considerable loss, and a certain set-back in the promotion of his scheme, by the retirement of Mr. Smith, the "Commissioner" in charge of the Social Reform wing of the Salvation Army. Mr. Smith differs from "General" Booth in certain details of the scheme, and, as he is its practical inspirer, and is also the overlooker of much of the work which goes on in the Salvationist workshops and labour bureau, his successor will not be easily made up. Both parties, true to the general traditions of the Army, refuse to make any statement as to the points in dispute, but it is understood that Mr. Smith, who is practically a Socialist, stands on a more advanced "labour" programme than the "General."

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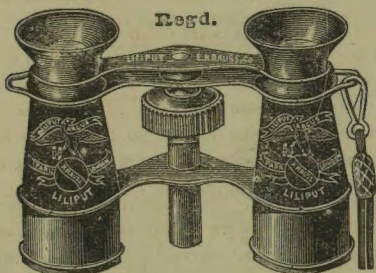
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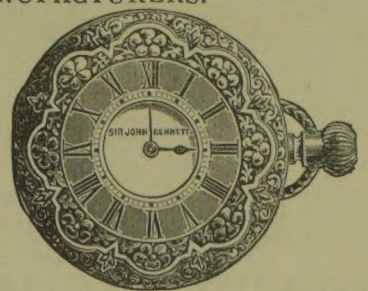
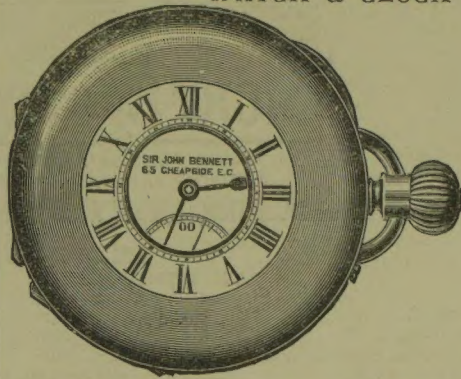
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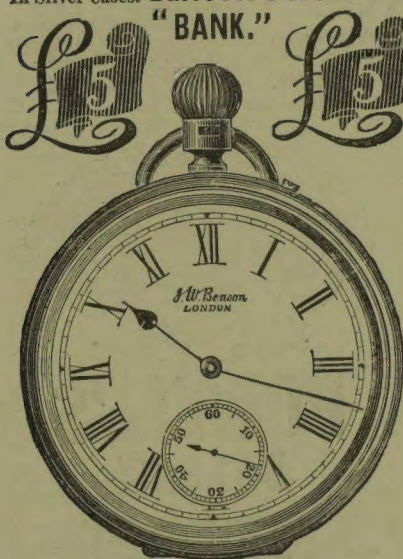
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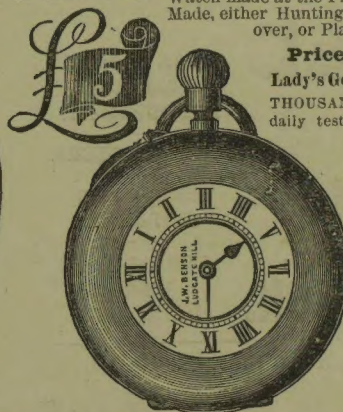
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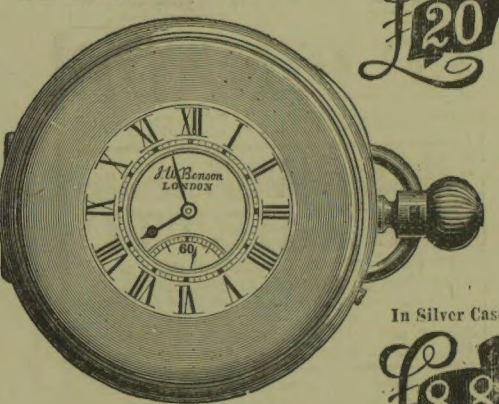
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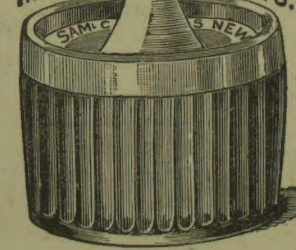
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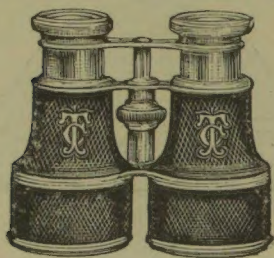


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